

THE FIELD AFAR



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Universities, Colleges, and Schools

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The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

V. Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap., Superior General

THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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MARYKNOLL

CONTENTS

<i>The Miracle of Old Goa...</i>	195
<i>A Catholic Motion Picture.</i>	198
<i>A Great Missioner.....</i>	200
<i>Monsignor Lane</i>	202
<i>Manchu Maryknolls</i>	204
<i>Editorials</i>	208
<i>A Clerical Pied Piper.....</i>	210
<i>The Departure Ceremony..</i>	215
<i>The "Foreign Doctor"....</i>	218
<i>Maryknoll Juniors.....</i>	222

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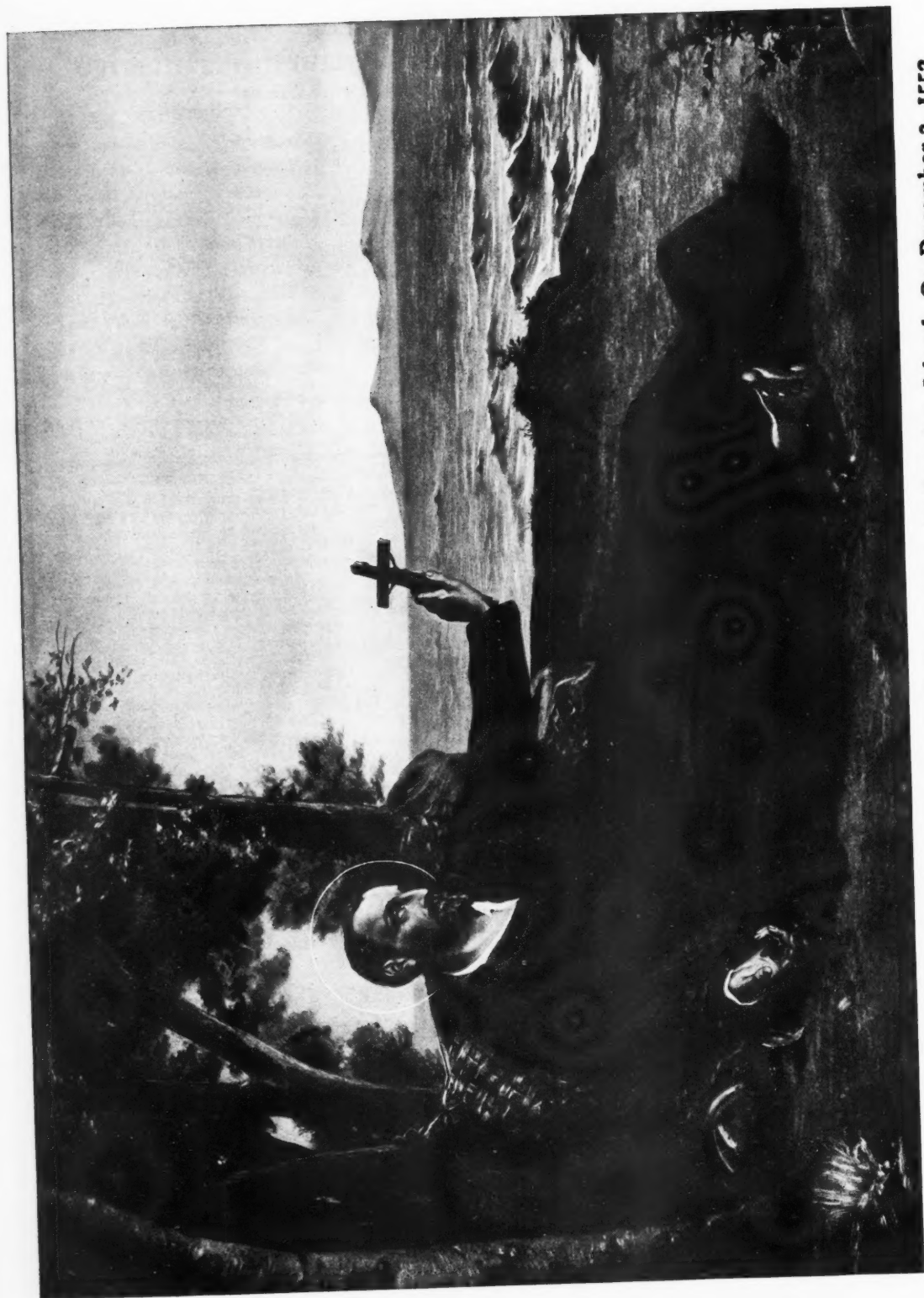
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The Death Of Saint Francis Xavier, Apostle Of The Orient, At Sancian Island, On December 3, 1552
Sancian, the lonely, sea-girt, little island off South China's coast where ended the world's greatest trek for souls, is now Maryknoll's precious heritage

THE MIRACLE

OF OLD GOA

By the Rev. John J. Considine, M.M., of Fall River, Mass., Maryknoll Procurator in Rome, and Director of the "Fides News Service"



ANUARY 9, 1932, will live in history as the date of another of the long series of official medical examinations which testify to the miraculous preservation of the body of St. Francis Xavier.

The Apostle of the Orient died on December 3, 1552, propped up outside his hut on Sancian Island, his eyes on China. His body was put into the ground near his lowly cabin, and shortly after taken in quicklime to Malacca, where again it was buried. After a year it was exhumed, and found to be as fresh as in life. It was then removed to Goa.

Last January we gazed upon that body, still whole after three hundred and seventy-nine years. The Patriarch of Goa and seven observers were present, besides the committee of five doctors, and Providence permitted me to be one of the seven.

A Pilgrimage Boat—

In ancient days the body of the saint was exposed for public veneration every year; but since 1686 there have been but six solemn expositions, those of 1782, 1859, 1890, 1910, and 1922. It is now established that there shall be an exposition every nine years; hence these latest honors to the saint during December of 1931 and the first few days of 1932.

Despite the torn state of the world, some half a million people on this occasion sought out Xavier's tomb to beg his favor. Visitors came from throughout Asia, and India had seven organized pilgrimages. Of these three were from Bombay, and it was with the third that I voyaged to Goa. I was

one of the few Europeans among the seven hundred persons aboard the *SS. Hiravati*, but in my quarter of the vessel I felt quite at home, as if on a pilgrimage train bound for Lourdes. As we moved out of Bombay's beautiful harbor a little harmonium sounded, and the *Ave Maris Stella* was caught up by many voices. Darkness descended on us, and there were the rosary in common, litanies, and again hymns. Beds were out of the question for such a number; instead we all stretched our sleeping mats on the deck, and let the zephyrs from off the West India Coast put us to rest. Before sun-up the next morning there were Masses and hundreds of Communion.

This was in our section of the vessel, but some hundreds aboard could not participate. They were Hindus, Moslems, and Parsees. One of the strange features of devotion to St.

Francis in the East is the reverence in which he is held by non-Christians who flock by thousands to his tomb.

Rome of the East—

New Goa, or Panjim, makes a pretty sight as the steamer draws to its dock. This is now the capital of the Colony of Goa, Portugal's historic settlement some two hundred and fifty-five miles below Bombay. Throughout the colony, which embraces 1400 square miles, are some 475,000 inhabitants, and of these 250,000 are Catholics. Thus this is the most Christian sector of India, and it is much more Christian even than these figures indicate, since most of the pagans live along the borders, the Christians being in heavy predominance throughout the many villages.

Education in Goa has reached a high development, one in six being literate; or three out of four, if one considers the Catholics only. In fact, all who have come in contact with the Goans, whether in Goa or in the numerous centers of India to which they have emigrated, testify that they have a native ability and intelligence which marks them out among the thousand peoples of India.

In great part, however, their special position comes from their century-old faith, embedded deeply by the Portuguese in all divisions of society, from high caste Brahmins down to the humbler classes, and guarded with admirable fidelity wherever the Goan has established himself. I have lost my heart to the Goans.

It was of the faith of Goa which the Patriarch, His Excellency, Teotónio Vieira de Castro, spoke first when, accompanied by a priest of his household who met me at the steamer, I mounted

WILLS have become a source of great encouragement to our work.

They reach us from the most unexpected sources, and they vary in amount from one hundred dollars to several thousands.

As most of them are "stringless", they are a Godsend for which we thank Divine Providence and the thoughtful testators—all of whom are enrolled as benefactors of our Society.

AMERICA RECEIVED THE FAITH FROM FOREIGN MISSIONERS.

to the brow of the hill where the Patriarchal residence stands. "You will find the Faith rooted in marvelous manner here in this Rome of the East," he said, "and hence God has granted us the privilege of guarding here the body of the greatest missionary since St. Paul." With his charming Auxiliary Bishop, His Excellency Manuel Maria Ferreira da Silva, I set out for Old Goa and St. Francis.

The Glory That Was Goa—

Goa, the world knows, holds a tragedy. Here, some four centuries ago, Portugal built the center of her astounding Eastern empire, which stretched into the Pacific. Here wealth gathered, and through the Goan markets passed pearls, rich products of the Orient, horses, and slaves. Beside the city of commerce there grew up a city of religion, after the pattern of the strong faith in the Portuguese motherland. Here St. Francis preached first during his career in the East, and here his body was borne. But then came decay—first political, then commercial, then physical, as even nature seemed to revolt and a deadly fever made life impossible on this site. Finally, there was the decay of the great churches and convents, which numbered scores; and today but four of these edifices stand, the sole remnants of the glory that was Goa.

At the present time only some forty miserable peons live in Old Goa, as servants for the canons of the Cathedral, who faithfully hold their posts and maintain the chapter established centuries ago. For the exposition numerous merchants move in, gambling with the deadly marsh gases to profit from the pilgrims; while both government and Church import bands of assistants to care for the visitors.

A kindly Mother Earth has sown palm trees in profusion, and has spread a rich tropical growth over the cadaver of this dead city. It is only he who burrows into the past who appreciates the pathos which stalks this lovely paradise. The Colony of Goa now has a good government which has built excellent roads and which guards carefully the last remnants of the Goa that was. Hence one's impressions upon entering the area are very happy.

At the Feet of St. Francis—

In the ancient Church of the Bom Jesus stands the side altar where ordinarily is found the rich sarcophagus sheltering the body of St. Francis. On last December third this sarcophagus was transferred, as is the custom, from this side altar to beneath the baldachino hung with red silk which stands in the center of the church at the choir rail. Fifteen bishops from throughout India partook in the ceremony. Outside the church, as well as within, we found an immense crowd attending patiently the pilgrimage Mass.

After a fervorino of Father McGowan of Bombay, the approach to the tomb began, and standing near the open repository I saw the sick brought up for the kiss. The front end of the



A DAUGHTER OF INDIA TO WHOM THE FAITH HAS BROUGHT HAPPINESS

The lot of woman in pagan India is fraught with much suffering and oppression, and the gradual penetration of her country by Christian ideals means for her an escape from century-old bondage

sarcophagus was removed, and the coffin with its cover taken off was drawn forward, exposing the feet. A priest stood at either side, and a doctor was at hand to guard against any excesses on the part of sufferers, who were in many cases carried in litters.

St. Francis must be pleased at the stream of misery that pours itself at his feet from all the East. This particular morning the first was a blind woman; then a paralytic, carried by two friends; a Parsee woman brought her babe whose feet were crippled, and the doctor touched the maimed parts

to the saint's body. A Sister, come with sick from Bombay, pointed out the strange figure of a woman who moved as in a trance, and explained that she was the daughter of a wealthy Englishman and had married a Moslem. The girl was once beautiful and a pupil of the nuns, but her mother drugged her in order to secure the fortune, and now she is an idiot.

Thousands in good health come to St. Francis to ask spiritual favors, or privileges other than cures, while some few very probably are here through curiosity or a strange superstition. However, it is the sick that hold the center of attention; the air is charged with their cause. Everybody is kind to them and compassionates them as with fervor, with sobbing expectancy, and with cries to the saint for aid they approach his remains.

All India—

The following morning I said Mass at the sarcophagus, about which there are four altars in the early hours, the front one being removed when the exposition begins. I saw no other European priest that particular morning, though hundreds of missionaries had come. Instead, an endless line of Indian clergy celebrated until noon. One may feel proud of these representatives of the Faith who here in Goa in particular are well organized, well educated, dress neatly, and serve their people with zeal. The West would do well to know Goa better.

For hours I hid myself at the door of the Bom Jesus, unobserved in the shadows, or knelt in the body of the church, and saw the whole of India pass. Through one side door a file of thousands, kept in order by Portuguese soldiers, moved quietly up to the body; and out through an opposite door went those who had "gotten the kiss", as the curious expression is here. Through the main door enter those who wish only to pray, a high railing keeping them from approaching the saint.

There were occasional Europeans, Goans in European dress, and Catholics from many parts of India in native dress, the majority of them very clean and carefully groomed. Then there were the non-Christians of every race and rank down to the humble out-

castes who came in little more than loin cloths.

The Official Examination—

There would be much to tell about the rich monuments of Old Goa, about the beautiful countryside, and about modern Goa. However, overshadowing all these in importance is the official examination of the body. This was set for the day preceding the closing of the exposition.

At two in the afternoon His Excellency the Patriarch reached the Church of the Bom Jesus which was closed momentarily, the great crowd held waiting outside. Inside was the committee of five doctors of the Sanitary Department of the Government of Goa, led by Lieutenant Colonel Alberto C. Germano da Silva Correia, Assistant Director of the Sanitary Service and Professor in the Medical College of New Goa. Remarkable is the fact that as a child he was cured of a foot deformity by the intercession of St. Francis. Besides the Patriarch there were Canon Franklin de Sa, pastor of the Bom Jesus and guardian of the body of St. Francis; an assistant priest; Captain Miranda, in command of the Portuguese troops at the exposition; and one of his lieutenants; Monsignor Fargoso, secretary of the Patriarch; Father LeTellier, the Jesuit whose fame for zeal has gone abroad throughout India; and I, as representative of the *Fides Service*.

The body of St. Francis was taken from the sarcophagus, and laid before our eyes. Colonel da Silva, standing near the head, dropped back a step, and quite as though no one were observing him went on his knees for a moment, then rose and kissed St. Francis's hand. "Colonel," said the Patriarch, "you give a good example for us all. Let us say a prayer before the examination begins," and he led in a *Pater, Ave, and Credo*.

Science Has No Explanation—

The doctors then began their work. First, the length of the body was determined by means of a tape-measure. The previous recorded length was five feet one inch, which means that St. Francis was short of stature.

Then began a meticulous study of each of the exposed portions of the



IN THE SHIP'S WAKE

ONLY a few more days and our most recent band of young apostles will be crossing the vast lanes of the Pacific, Orient-bound.

Do not forget them when their ship has vanished below the horizon; let your prayers be that ship's wake throughout the years. Your daily Hail Mary will mean much to Maryknoll missionaries in their lifelong struggle to extend Christ's reign.

body, commencing with the head. The doctors pointed out to us the existence of hair on the head, and the vein marks in places. The right cheek bears a deep cavity, caused by an accident to the body in its transport from Malacca, while the nose likewise was flattened in another accident. It is man, not nature, who has damaged the body. It is said that grave harm to bones of the trunk was inflicted when, in returning the sarcophagus to its place after the exposition in 1900, the great case crashed to the ground. However, the body remains substantially intact.

Gazing upon the face one observes it to be earth color and drawn, but in no way repulsive. The film of skin covers the eyes and the lips are drawn quite naturally up to the teeth, which one may see in the mouth if one bends low and peers in carefully. The skin seems fallen from the back of the skull, and the left cheek is partly withered.

Many of us have already seen in Rome the right forearm and hand of

the saint, venerated in the Gesu. The left arm lies folded across the breast, resting on the chasuble which covers the body from the neck to the ankles. The left hand is remarkable, the skin shriveled as that of an old man of eighty, but soft to the touch and revealing every muscle and vein.

The feet could be expected to have suffered, since they have been kissed by millions and touched by countless articles of piety. Yet they are in very good condition. Toes of the right foot have been knocked off in the course of time, but the left foot, which was uncovered for kissing during this exposition, is intact. The big toe, indeed, has been badly worn. Feeling the instep and the arch, one notes how velvety the skin is and how pliable under pressure.

Certainly, said Colonel da Silva, this examination accords with all preceding ones in refuting the assertions of unbelievers that the body is mummified. Medical science cannot explain its present state after three hundred and seventy-nine years.

The Golden Bell—

The Patriarch led again in a *Pater, Ave, and Credo*, and the remains of the Apostle of the Indies were slipped back into the sarcophagus. Then the church doors opened to the throngs for the last time.

On Sunday, January 10th, the Patriarch celebrated the Solemn Mass of closure, the Church and State partook in the procession through Old Goa which terminated in the deposition of the sarcophagus in the sacristy, whence it will be returned to its traditional place.

I stood with a young Goan priest watching the band, the petards, and the enthusiasm of the crowds, and he remarked, "Tomorrow all will be dead here." As I dwelt on his words there drifted to us the sweet, mellow notes of Goa's glorious Golden Bell, which still hangs in the tower of the nearby Cathedral. There was a poignancy in its call to triumph. No longer do merchants, navigators, explorers, soldiers, and faithful by the thousands dwell within the compass of its intonations. For one cause alone do people now return to deserted Old Goa—St. Francis Xavier.

ARE IN HONOR BOUND TO PAY.

The Twenty-Six Martyrs of Japan

By the V. Rev. James Anthony Walsh, Superior General of Maryknoll



IN the circuit, once a year, the Superior General of Maryknoll visits those portions of his flock that are spread along the Pacific Coast Line. While away this year he wrote to the Home Knoll as usual, and we are sure that he would not object if we present to FIELD AFAR readers some extracts from his letters:

When people speak about the "wonderful" progress of Maryknoll, I often think of other organizations founded in Europe that made rapid strides in days when means of transportation were as primitive as they are today in remote mission lands. Certainly it does not take long now to make a circuit of the United States, nor does it require unusual physical strength—especially if one can acquire a homey feeling for a sleeping car berth.

I am now pushing towards the Rockies and it seems only a few days since Sunday morning, the third day of this month of April, when I stepped on the New York Central train at Harmon. How fortunate Maryknoll is to be placed so near this first outward stop of the great trains which here change from electric power to steam, and *vice versa*. There was no need of a morning rush, and I reached Cincinnati comfortably the next morning before eight o'clock, in good time for Mass in a chapel at the Fenwick Club.

The Cincinnati "Fledgling"—

With Maryknoll's Fr. Batt, who met me at the station, I "Forded" out to Mount Washington, to get a glimpse of the "fledgling", as Archbishop McNicholas characterizes the little Maryknoll group at the Preparatory Seminary. Two weeks before I had been at the Vénard in Pennsylvania, which now is a slightly building, quite complete; and I felt that history would be repeating itself, and that the small house at Mount Washington must also one of these days yield to a permanent development.

I found the group in good spirits.



FATHER PETER THE BAPTIST, A SAINTLY SPANISH FRIAR FORTY-EIGHT YEARS OF AGE, LEADER OF THE GROUP OF MARTYRS CRUCIFIED AT NAGASAKI, JAPAN, ON FEBRUARY 5, 1597

They are yet well under a score; and, though they have "no home of their own", they are by no means destitute orphans sleeping in the open and begging from passersby.

Maryknoll-in-Cincinnati has been made possible by the good will and unbounded generosity of His Grace, the Archbishop, who has not only placed it under the shadow of his own Junior Seminary, but has provided for it in

many ways, accepting in return only a modicum of service from the Maryknoll Reverend Director.

The candidates at Maryknoll-in-Cincinnati are so carefree, and the kindness expressed at St. Gregory's so generous, that I could not help feeling under a great obligation, not only to the Archbishop, but to the faculty. Certainly we appreciate this kindness, so much the more because of the period through which we are passing, which would have made it practically impossible for us to establish for some time an independent "compound" in Cincinnati.

Impressions in Passing—

That night I took a train for St. Louis, remaining over for Mass, and later visiting at Webster Groves the Major and Minor Seminaries. The Major Seminary, as you know, was not at all new to me, as I have been there several times; but I had never seen the new Junior Seminary. It was recently built, is complete and well equipped, a fine, solid structure, and a credit to the great Archdiocese of St. Louis.

I left early that afternoon for Denver, remaining over night as the guest of Bishop Vehr, with whom I went to the Seminary. Bishop McGovern of Cheyenne was with us that day.

The next afternoon after inspection of the *Denver Register* offices, I took a train for San Francisco. Again a busy run up and down the Coast—Los Altos, San Juan Bautista, Los Angeles, San Diego, Sacramento, and Seattle were my stopping places, with some hours in Chicago on my return trip. I will talk on the details of this, but I wish just now to write some impressions of an unusual experience at Los Angeles.

An Unusual Film—

Before leaving New York, I had heard much of the film entitled *The Twenty-six Martyrs of Japan*, which had been produced and displayed in Japan and Korea.

Some of our men in Korea had writ-

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AMERICANS HAVE NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS WHICH ESPECIALLY FIT

ten that certain pagans who had witnessed the picture when it was on its circuit had subsequently come to them for instruction regarding the Catholic Faith.

Arrived in Los Angeles, I found that Mr. Hirayama, by whose initiative and at whose expense this picture has been produced, was already in this country, and arranging to have the film captioned in Hollywood.

Maryknoll priests had seen and admired the picture, and Mr. Hirayama was in touch with them. We met this evening at our Japanese Mission and discussed the best means of exhibiting the film in this country, my hope being that it might find its place on some commercial circuit that would bring it to the attention of non-Catholics, as well as of Catholics.

Arrangements were then made for a preview at Hollywood, which several well-informed specialists attended so as to pass judgment. They found the technique of the film quite perfect, the photography excellent, and the acting unusually good, but they agreed that the picture was too religious to be accepted for a commercial circuit. A suggestion was made that a love theme be run through it, but Mr. Hirayama objected on the ground that this would be fiction and would take away from the historical value of the film.

The picture will be brought to the attention of Catholic prelates and heads of organizations in a position to gather audiences as Mr. Hirayama passes through the country. Meantime, the film will be cut down and titled in English.

A Descendant of Martyrs—

Mr. Hirayama is a fine type of Japanese Catholic. Physically he is unusually tall, and unconsciously impresses his personality on those whom he meets. He is a descendant of one of the old families that kept the Faith during a period of two hundred and fifty years without priest or altar. His ancestors lived around Nagasaki, but he has established a dairy business near Seoul, the capital of Korea. I understand that he has already expended 300,000 yen—about \$150,000—on the production of his picture, with no hope of a return.

The purpose of the picture is mainly

BE an Associate Member. Fifty cents a year will secure you the privilege.

to deepen the faith of Christians in Japan; to make non-Christian Japanese realize how much their Christian fellow-countrymen appreciate their faith; and, in passing through America and Europe, to bring home to his fellow-Catholics and others the heroism of Japanese Christian martyrs.

I liked the picture very much, and sincerely regretted that I could not im-

mediately find a high-class publicity man, preferably a layman, to accompany Mr. Hirayama to make known to American Catholics the opportunity which he presents to witness a truly remarkable film.

Before I left the Coast, Mr. Hirayama sent me a complete set of still pictures; and I encouraged him to have several copies of the film made, as I am sure that Diocesan Mission Directors and others will be glad to use this film to illustrate their work.



A CHILD MARTYR OF NAGASAKI CONSOLES HIS AFFLICTED MOTHER
Among those put to death at Nagasaki were six Spanish Franciscans, three Japanese Jesuit Brothers, sixteen Japanese Christians, and one Chinese boy

THEM FOR THE CONQUEST OF THE PAGAN WORLD FOR CHRIST.

A Great Missioner— Father Aime Villion

FATHER Aimé Villion, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, ninety-year-old dean of Catholic missionaries in Japan, has ended his

long apostolate among the people of whom Saint Francis Xavier wrote, *The fatigues of working among intelligent people, anxious to learn in what religion they would best save their souls, bring with them immense satisfaction. The*

Christians of Japan are very dear to me.

The intense love of the first missionary to the Japanese for this race possessing so many noble and admirable qualities was rekindled after the passage of centuries in the heart of Father Villion, who was once heard to say to a friend, *When I am called to heaven, I want to draw my last breath shouting "Banzai".*

Father Villion was born in Lyons, France, in 1842. When, in 1866, he arrived in Japan, Christianity was still being persecuted in the Empire. During all the intervening years Father Villion never returned to his native France.

The veteran missionary was several times decorated by the Japanese Government, in recognition of his services to the Empire; and a few years ago his statue was erected in the city of Yamaguchi, beside the monument to Saint Francis Xavier.

In spite of his long absence from his native land, Father Villion was not forgotten by France, Mother of Missioners; and Lyons, his birthplace, sent him a gift of money as an expression of the admiration of his countrymen for his lifelong service of God and humanity. The aged missionary used this money to prepare the way for the construction of a church and a student club house in Nara. The original gift was increased by offerings from prominent Japanese, who were formerly pupils of the French missionary, and from the Osaka Chamber of Commerce and Industry.

The apostle to the Japanese died in the Catholic Church of Osaka, on April first. He had been much fatigued by the Easter services, and was suffering from a slight cold. He felt a desire to visit the Blessed Sacrament, and died while at prayer. If the cry of *Banzai* was not on his lips, it was certainly sounding in his heart.

And now, since the soul of this great missionary has returned to its



A DESCENDANT OF THE EARLY JAPANESE CHRISTIANS
Mr. Hiram H. Hiram, a prominent business man of Seoul, Korea, has been prompted by his interest in his heroic ancestors to sacrifice time, energy, and money to make known their story to the Christian world

AMERICANS REFUSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE IMPOSSIBLE

Maker, the plum blossom, symbol of selfless humility, has spread its exquisite loveliness about his statue at Yamaguchi, and the pure mass of cherry blossoms has flowered, then fallen softly to the earth. In the surrounding countryside gold and scarlet azaleas have blazed, and serried battalions of irises have marshaled their ranks under trails of mauve wisteria.

But the memory of Father Villion does not pass with the changing seasons. The flame of his love for Christ and souls is spreading around the world in a motion picture, the *Twenty-six Martyrs of Japan* (see page 198). The theme of this film has been taken from Father Villion's book of the same title, in Japanese *Kirishitan Sen-ketsuishi*. The film made a strong impression in Japan, Manchuria, and Korea, and cannot fail to awaken in America and Europe admiration for a people capable of such sublime heroism in the following of Christ.

Maryknoll Apostolic Partners

PLEASE find enclosed six subscriptions to your magazine. I feel sure that these new members will be imbued with the Maryknoll spirit that comes after reading just one issue of that wonderful little missionary, *THE FIELD AFAR*.—*Seattle, Wash.*

THE FIELD AFAR is the one magazine that is read from "cover to cover" by us.—*New York, N. Y.*

I enjoy reading *THE FIELD AFAR*. It is well written and interesting from "cover to cover", and gives a remarkable picture of a fine group of men handling a hard and often discouraging job with a gusto and joy of life that is wonderful. Also (a thing that especially appeals to me as a Protestant), you never "knock your competitors".—*San Diego, Calif.*

The Maryknoll General Report for 1931 is interesting and inspirational. Progress is evidently being made all along the line of the missionary field



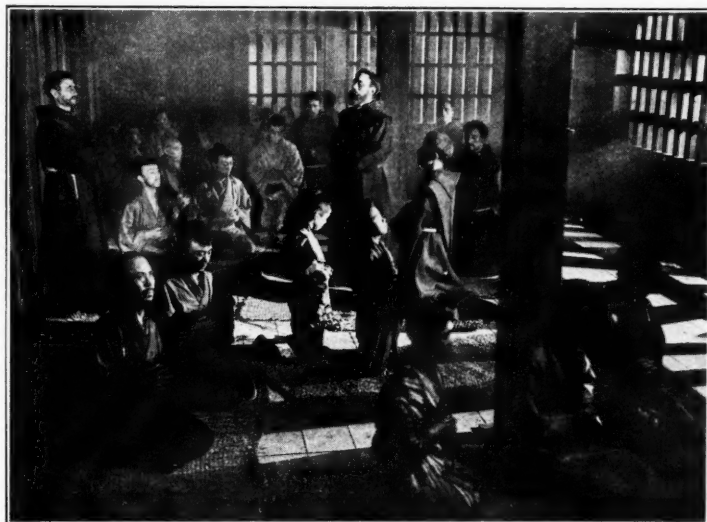
ON THE ROAD TO CALVARY

The martyrs were condemned at Kyoto, the Capital of the Empire, and most of the long trek to Nagasaki, a distance of four hundred and twenty miles, was made on foot. In the larger cities, however, the prisoners were placed on ox-carts and exhibited to the populace

entrusted to your care. You and your faithful clergy have placed the Catholic Church in your debt.

May the good work continue, and

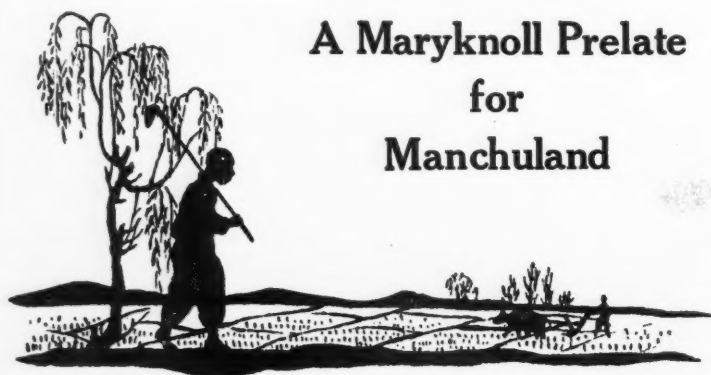
may God bless abundantly these heroes and apostles who are serving under your capable direction.—*Bishop's House, Springfield, Ill.*



A PRISON ALONG THE WAY

At night, in the bitter depth of winter, the martyrs were cast into some rude shelter, exposed to drifting snow and biting winds; but their spirits never flagged, and they constantly praised God in prayers and hymns

THE HIGH IDEALISM AND SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE OF



A Maryknoll Prelate for Manchuland



IF, some years ago, a certain Raymond Lane, of Lawrence, Mass., had not sidestepped an appointment to West Point, to come to Maryknoll in his late teens, he might today be Major Lane, military observer of army movements here and there in Manchuria.

Instead, he is now Monsignor Lane, the recently appointed Prefect Apostolic of Maryknoll's first Mission in this North China field.

Orient Bound—

It was in 1913 that he came to Maryknoll, being in fact the first student to enroll in our Pennsylvania Preparatory College, where he completed the course begun in St. John's College, Danvers, Mass.

The following year he entered the Seminary at Maryknoll, N. Y., to make the prescribed studies in philosophy and theology—and incidentally to achieve no mean reputation as a disciple of Aesculapius, his duties as infirmarian developing a medical capacity later to prove most helpful on the Chinese missions.

Ordained in 1920 by Bishop Gibbons of Albany, Fr. Lane served as Procurator General of the still young Society until the fall of 1923, when he left for Hong Kong to take charge of the Maryknoll Procure in that city. On his way thither he traversed the southern part of Manchuria, admiring its vast fertile plains, so like our Western prairies, hearing of its immense for-

ests, its wealth in unmined minerals, wondering at the therefore puzzling scantiness of population—certainly never for a moment dreaming that he himself was to return to this identical field as its first Maryknoll missionary.

The Promised Land—

For two years, Fr. Lane served as Procurator in Hong Kong. When in 1925, at the request of Bishop Blois of Mukden, a large territory in the southeastern part of Manchuria was entrusted to Maryknoll, Fr. Lane, as Superior, accompanied by Fr. McCormack, of New York City, went to blaze the trail in the promised land.

After a year of intense language study with the French missionaries in Mukden, the two Maryknollers spent some time in interior missions to gain practical experience, and then under-

EVERY Catholic in this country should be a member of the Pontifical World-Wide Mission Aid Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

A dollar a year will secure this membership, besides providing an offering for needy missions in the homeland.

The spiritual advantages granted by the Society to its members are very generous.

took active work in the Maryknoll district.

The sector allotted to our Society is larger than the State of New York, in an elongated-diamond shape; and includes, in addition to immense natural resources, the large and important port city of Dairen, the famous Port Arthur and Antung, as well as the newly developed Fushun, famous for its coal mines, and by reason of its central location best adapted to the needs of a mission center.

The Fushun Center—

It was here that Fr. Lane started the organization of the new Mission; supplying first a language school for new missionaries from the homeland, as well as a parish school with the ultimate aim of native vocations.

Most necessary was a Central House—to serve periodically as a language school and place of retreats, normally as a general headquarters for the varied activities of a missionary diocese.

The Central House erected by Fr. Lane won him a niche in the Manchu hall of fame. Designed by a Japanese architect, Mr. Oka, a Catholic, who most successfully combined utility, comfort, and fireproof construction with a graceful and striking Oriental design, it was built at a price modest even for the Orient; one-fifth of what it would have cost in America.

As soon as its completion freed the one-story brick bungalows till then used for administrative purposes, Fr. Lane opened a training school for young boys of approved character who had manifested a desire for the priesthood. These youngsters were from old Catholic families in those districts where zealous French missionaries had already planted and developed the Faith. Thanks to the splendid work of these apostolic pioneers, all of the Maryknoll Missions, both in China and Korea, have been blessed in finding already to hand suitable subjects for education to the priesthood.

At Dairen—

In the large port city of Dairen, "the Gateway to Manchuria," a combination chapel and club room had been erected by Bishop Blois, on ground secured from the Japanese Government by energetic Japanese Catholic laymen.

Here Fr. Lane provided for the erection of a substantial church, in brick and stone, pleasing to the eye and "devotional", the design of the same Mr. Oka; and plans were being made for a parish convent, when Fr. Lane left Manchuria to attend the first General Chapter of the Maryknoll Society, in August, 1929.

New Duties—

In addition to these more prominent developments, the missionaries associated with Fr. Lane had staffed several Manchurian parishes; and, though the first steps of such an apostolate are perforce modest, this Maryknoll Mission has from the first given promise of great possibilities. It was evidently a question of ONLY men and money. The harvest grew ripe for the reapers.

To the disappointment of the Maryknoll Fathers working in Manchuria, Fr. Lane was chosen by the aforementioned General Chapter to remain at Maryknoll, N. Y., as one of the directive General Council, and in addition was made Rector of the Seminary.

The Interim—

The training of priests is perhaps the most "important" work on the face of God's earth. Fr. Lane was both by nature and experience fitted for the task, and for the past three years he has found it an interesting one.

Yet his heart must have remained with his beloved Manchurian people, both Chinese and Japanese (he had acquired the tongues of both, a linguistic feat no Maryknoller has duplicated); for how else explain the very evident joy that refused to be suppressed when the cable from Rome sentenced him to Manchuria for life, as Prefect Apostolic of the Maryknoll Mission, only recently separated by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda from its parent French Mission?

Manchu Harvests—

Monsignor Lane will find on his return that many things have changed—except the desire of both the priests and the faithful to welcome him back.

Under Fr. McCormack, who carried on in the interim, two convents of Maryknoll Sisters have been opened, one in Dairen, another in Fushun; and a native novitiate has already been

started; outside Fushun, a large piece of property now accommodates not only a new and permanent home for the young seminarians, but as well an orphanage, an old folks' home and an industrial school; two small hospitals are being maintained; individual parishes have increased with the gain in personnel; and, despite an unusual toll in sickness (should we not rather say, by virtue of it), the Maryknoll Fathers have been blessed with spiritual har-

vests both comforting and stimulating.

There are now in this Maryknoll Mission eleven stations with resident priests, some 5,000 Christians, and 550 catechumens; while recent reports show 511 Baptisms in a twelvemonth.

Monsignor Lane returns to what he declares to be the most promising of all the Maryknoll Missions. May God bless with abundant fruits the work that is now his life—the Faith in Manchuland.



THE RT. REV. MSGR. RAYMOND A. LANE, M.M., OF LAWRENCE, MASS., PIONEER MARYKNOLL MISSIONER IN MANCHURIA, AND RECENTLY APPOINTED BY ROME PREFECT APOSTOLIC OF THE MARYKNOLL FUSHUN FIELD IN THAT COUNTRY

"If, some years ago, a certain Raymond Lane hadn't sidestepped an appointment to West Point to come to Maryknoll, he might today be Major Lane, military observer of army movements here and there in Manchuria"

AN UNEXPLORED COUNTRY A LEADING NATION OF THE WORLD.

The Lumen Christi in Manchu Maryknolls

By the V. Rev. James Anthony Walsh, Superior General of Maryknoll



Emigrants from China proper seek refuge from famine and floods in Manchuria, "Land of Opportunity". Hundreds of these refugees, especially those from Shantung, are Catholics, and Maryknoll missionaries have spent much time and effort in trying to establish and maintain a contact with them



IN the June issue of THE FIELD AFAR the Maryknoll "Number One" reached Manchuria in the record of his 1931 visitation of the Society's mission fields across the Pacific; and we left

him boarding a night train for Dairen, terminus of the South Manchuria Railway, "Gateway to Manchuria", and its commercial capital.

In this great port city of the Orient, where the ultra-modern and hoary antiquity jostle each other in startling contrasts, are two Catholic parishes, one Japanese and one Chinese. The following portion of Fr. Walsh's diary tells how these hostile peoples of the Far East are at Dairen united by the strong ties of religious belief.

Fotosan Active—

I remembered that train between Dairen and Mukden, how on a previous occasion believing that three of us had

a cabin for four all to ourselves we had piled our joint belongings in the remaining berth, only to have them swept off at midnight to make room for a newcomer.

This time we were assured that Fr. McCormack and myself would be the only occupants. I turned in, but lacking trust in the little porter's ability to operate the English language, I made ready for the worst; and it happened when two stalwarts crowded in on us. Our sleep was disturbed, but the train made its schedule time, and at eight o'clock we alighted at Dairen. Fr. O'Donnell was on hand, and with him a score of Japanese, ladies and gentlemen, with whom we exchanged bows and smiles.

As we mounted the ramp into the open, Fr. O'Donnell indicated a rather circuitous way, and looking out we saw our friend Fotosan (the Johnny-

on-the-spot Japanese photographer referred to in our last issue) turning his crank.

Faithful Christians—

In ten minutes we were at the mission, and I thanked God as I realized the progress that had been made. When I visited Dairen in 1926, with Fr. Byrne and Fr. Lane, we met a small group of Japanese—interested and earnest—who, with no priest among them and with Mass only at great intervals (never on Sunday, as I recall), had not only kept the Faith, but, with some help from the Bishop, managed to put up a building in brick that served as a chapel and assembly rooms, with accommodations for a passing missionary, and also for a caretaker and his family.

Now, five years later, I found this house occupied in the upper part as a parochial residence for two priests, the lower section being still left to the Christians for assemblies and instructions. It now looked out upon a substantial brick church, and across the compound to a new convent in which Maryknoll Sisters were already housed.

The congregation was gathering as we entered the front gate; and the church, which will seat about three hundred, was filled when Mass began.

If you wish to push one of our Burses over the top, we can supply you with a convenient means. Send for sample Burse cards.

It was a High Mass, with asperges and incense to add to the solemnity. Children furnished the choir, and their voices were true and sweet. There were many rails of communicants, and Fr. O'Donnell interpreted my brief discourse.

After Mass and Benediction, while Mr. Fotosan was busy preparing for a set piece, I had an opportunity to mingle with the parishioners in the court outside. I found them most interesting, representing forty families happy in their parish life and proud of the group of buildings which they could call their own.

These people had in fact made many sacrifices, but I knew too that they had been helped by offerings from America, and I wondered how Fr. Tibesar had been able to secure enough to obtain the results now evident.

An Interesting Experience—

The Maryknoll Sisters in Dairen are

beginning to find themselves, and as some of them already speak and understand Japanese their work will soon be defined. One who had recently arrived told me of an interesting experience.

On the steamer which brought her to the Far East was the daughter of a certain Oriental statesman, whose name is too well known to mention. Towards the end of the voyage this young woman, who until then had simply bowed in passing, stopped and addressed the Sister rather brusquely, asking her why they both existed at all. The young woman could not sleep, she said, trying to figure it all out. She had everything she wanted, but happiness; while the Sister appeared to have that, and little else.

This encounter led to two serious talks, and, when the two young women parted, the Oriental acknowledged the Sister's helpfulness and expressed regret that further acquaintance could

not provide her with more knowledge.

As she was bound for a city in which she could find other Sisters, she expressed her purpose to call on them—with what results I do not know. This in passing, but it shows that opportunities to sow seed are often at hand.

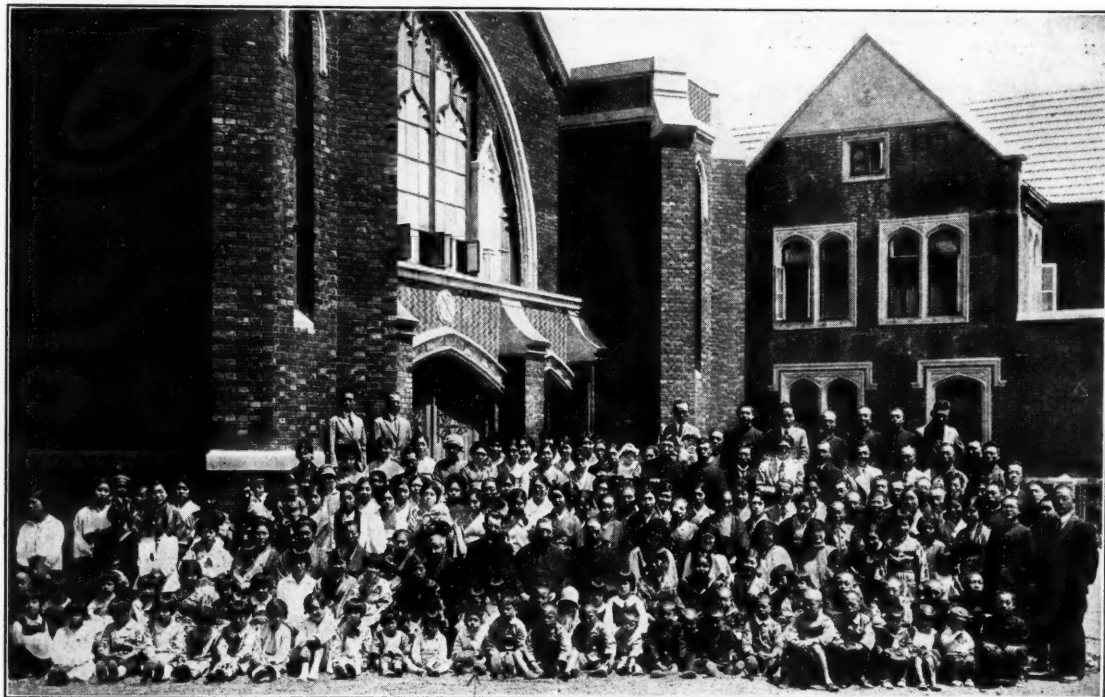
The Sisters in Dairen are enthusiastic over the prospect that lies before them, and happy in their field of labor.

The Formal Reception—

In the early afternoon the people, young and old, gathered for a formal reception; which included a program prepared by the children, the presentation of gifts, and an address in Japanese from one of the ladies, to whom great credit is due for keeping the *lumen Christi* burning in Dairen. Translated, the address reads as follows:

Dear Reverend Father—

We have been happily anticipating your visit since we heard some time ago that you were coming to Dairen.



WITH MEMBERS OF THE JAPANESE FLOCK AT STAR OF THE SEA PARISH, DAIREN, MANCHURIA

Seated in the center of the group are (beginning from the left) Fr. John O'Donnell, of New York City; the Visitor; Fr. Joseph McCormack, of New York City; Sr. M. Eunice Tolan, of Boston, Mass.; Sr. M. Gemma Shea, of Roslindale, Mass.; Sr. M. Peter Duggan, of Brookline, Mass., and Sr. M. Juliana Bedier, of Salt Lake City, Utah

THESE SAME QUALITIES OF HIGH IDEALISM AND SELF SACRIFICE.

Today we Catholics are gathered together to greet you, and we assure you it is for us a very happy occasion.

This little entertainment is not by any means a perfect expression of our happiness, but if you will accept our efforts in the spirit in which we offer them we shall indeed be grateful.

Thanks to you, dear Father, and to Maryknoll, we have at last the Church for which we so long prayed. We thank you for having sent us as pastor the priest you did; and, as for the Sisters, their coming completely fulfilled all our desires.

We hope with the aid of the Fathers and Sisters to make Dairen parish one which will reflect no discredit on Holy Mother Church.

You will be pleased to know that we have already established a Young Men's Society, a Women's Sodality, a Young Girls' Club, and a sodality for the little ones, and we are all engaged in various activities. We hope from now on to be able to influence many outside the fold, and on your next visit you may see an increase in numbers here.

We beg you, dear Father, to keep us in your prayers; and we assure you of our loyalty, and beg God to bless you always.

With the Chinese Flock—

It was all comforting, but no less gratifying was a visit which at the close of the reception we made to the Chinese parish. For such also there is in Dairen, established since the advent of the Maryknoll priests, and now numbering some three hundred souls.

The physical contrast with the Japanese compound was striking—a dusty Chinese quarter, a hired house, and poorly dressed Christians; but here too was life, nourished conscientiously by a devoted Chinese priest who had been helped for a time by Fr. Mullen.

The people met us at the corner of the street, and escorted us to the compound. A cope and monstrance had been borrowed for the occasion, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. (By the way, I promised the pastor to find furnishings for his poor altar and sacristy.)

I was much pleased to notice in the congregation some of the Japanese Catholics. Charity is a cement, and

surely the Charity of Christ should bring together all nationalities, to serve and love Him as one family. A Catholic is a child of the Church, and the Church is Mother to no one nation or race. For many reasons, above all that of language, there is need of separate churches in such a city as Dairen; but each congregation should feel bound to the other by the strong ties of religious belief.

Evidences of Gratitude—

The next and last number on the program for that rather full Pentecost Sunday was a Japanese dinner, at which we three Maryknollers with Fr. Martin



SUNSHINE IN A MANCHU BYWAY

The donkey was the sole objector to the camera man's activities

Pai, the Chinese priest, were the guests of the congregation, represented by some thirty of them. The scene was shifted to a park restaurant.

Chopsticks had been sharpened, and the affair went off beautifully—possibly more so than if we had stayed for the final servings on the lengthy menu. A convenient engagement is something of a life-saver on such occasions. Among the guests was an old lady, a Mrs. Hayakawa, who said little but must have thought much. It was she who twenty-six years ago, with her husband, had lit the first candle in the Dairen Japanese Catholic group.

The following day, my last in Dairen, found us looking over the city in

view of a project which the Sisters have at heart; and considering a proposition of these grateful people to find a cottage where Fr. Tibesar could convalesce. The anxiety of these good Japanese revealed their affection, and touched me deeply. They would gladly have met the expense of care for the priest; but there were other considerations that made the plan practically impossible to realize.

Port Arthur—

In the afternoon we went to Port Arthur, where a small group of Christians have been keeping the Faith with even less help than that which their Dairen fellow-Catholics received.

Mass is now being offered at Port Arthur as often as possible; and a Sister goes every Sunday to instruct the children. Recently the daughters of the Chief Justice, already well in their teens, finished this course, and received their First Communion.

We found the group at Port Arthur gathered to receive us. The house used as a chapel is small, but it stands continually awaiting the welcome ministrations of a priest.

We had been delayed, and the Chief Justice had been obliged to leave, but he returned later. After a short formal speech, he presented me with some embroidery to express the regard of the Port Arthur Catholics, and their gratitude for the coming of Maryknollers.

A light lunch followed, after which, resuming our shoes which we had left in the vestibule, we drove with our guests to the Fort for a "look-see" over the waters. Then, happy in the remembrance of this short visit, we returned to Dairen to take the night train for Mukden and Korea.

Good Though Few—

That night a surprise awaited us at the station when we found some forty Japanese gathered to see us off—men and women, young and elderly. Some had brought farewell gifts; and, just before the train started, all knelt to receive a blessing. Japanese Christians are not numerous, but here as elsewhere they seem to realize the usual comment, *good though few*.

We awoke near Mukden, went again to the Cathedral (for Mass and breakfast), and returned to the station for

our Korea train. Here we found a Japanese Red Cross nurse, whom I had met in 1917, and who for years had been a strong influence among the Japanese in Manchuria. She had come to express good wishes, doubtless putting herself out considerably to do so.

Antung—

Just at the border where the Yalu River separates Manchuria from Korea is the Chinese city of Antung, where Fr. Albert Murphy, of Springfield, Mass., presides beamingly over a small but promising flock—mostly Chinese with a few Japanese added to his responsibility. There are two railway stations at Antung, and we had hardly stopped at the first when Fr. Murphy appeared with Msgr. Morris and Fr. Booth, ready to relieve Fr. McCormack as guide, interpreter, and procurator.

I have often thought how different this visitation was from my first trip to Asia in 1917 when, quite alone, it was usually my preoccupation to look up time-tables, change money, introduce myself, and be my own advance agent.

Fr. Murphy's compound at Antung dominates a section of the city, but the approach is a tortuous alley, through which we walked after leaving the now common automobile. The Christians were awaiting us, and the pagans watched the "show" as we mounted the steps and reached the Murphy courtyard, with Fotosan close on our heels.

The chapel, which Fr. Murphy has made attractive, opened its doors for Benediction, which was followed by the visitor's address and an interpretation by the pastor. We then went into the courtyard and mingled with the Christians, all Chinese except a small group of Japanese; while Fr. Murphy pointed out the spots where his dreams could be realized.

Projects and Plans—

Like so many others, if the missioner's purse were as full of ducats as his heart and mind are full of plans, he could accomplish wonders. I often think that it is especially hard for an American priest in the Orient to realize that he must for the present depend for support almost entirely upon the homeland. He sees the needs and the opportunities, but it is extremely



THE APPROACH TO THE PIER AT DAIREN

The bustling, modern metropolis of Dairen, Manchuria, comes as a shock to those who still picture China as a nation entirely steeped in the past

difficult to make others far away visualize them.

Fr. Murphy, like many other priests with patience, strong faith, and zeal, will eventually succeed however. A good start has been made at Antung; and Fr. Murphy, cozy in his pleasant study, looks down contentedly on the city, and plans for future accomplishment.

We took dinner with him, while he sent an influential Manchurian to make the operation of crossing the Yalu into Korea as smooth as possible. Before nine o'clock we had passed sentinels and customs, and reached the parish house of Shingishu on the other side—in Korea.

(To be continued)



SR. M. GEMMA SHEA, OF ROSLINDALE, MASS., WITH JAPANESE CHRISTIANS OF HISTORIC PORT ARTHUR, MANCHURIA

At Port Arthur a small group of Christians have been keeping the Faith with only the assistance of rare visits from a passing missioner

SHE MUST HASTEN TO THE HELP OF PAGAN PEOPLES, FOR

THE FIELD AFAR

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with all subscriptions.)

**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**



TO shed one's blood in a "noble" cause usually brings applause, even from the worldly-minded. Yet to die for Christ, or to live a mortified life for Him, is to this world foolishness.

May the Feast of the Precious Blood, which the Church commemorates this month, awaken in many the holy ambition to be "Fools for Christ!"

God hath graced us in His beloved Son, in Whom we have redemption through His Blood.

IT is a pleasing co-incidence that St. Christopher's feast comes at a season when Maryknoll is sending out her Christbearers to Asia.

As we write, sixteen priests and two Brothers are preparing for the journey across continent and ocean that will bring them to the "land of their dreams". If their life in the new land were anticipated only as a succession of interesting experiences, disillusionment would not be long deferred;

MARYKNOLL'S PIED
PIPER

DO not fail to read on page 210, the story of this present day charmer of children, "thinly disguised in a patched cassock and a shapeless black hat," who has robbed the back alleys of a pagan town to fill Heaven.

In his earnest talks to his frouzy little followers sounds the echo of another Voice: *Suffer the little children to come to Me; and the conviction grows that those who aid Fr. Pospichal in extending and maintaining his "University" will one day hear addressed to themselves those other words of the Master: **Forasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these My brethren, you have done it unto Me.***

but, thank God, these young aspirants to the apostolate have been repeatedly informed of the conditions which they must face.

They will not realize difficulties, however, until they actually meet them; and we ask that these new missionaries may not be forgotten in the prayers of friends and well-wishers.

The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.

WE are told and we believe that Mary, Queen of Apostles, was taken bodily into heaven. August fifteenth brings to our minds the thought of a vacant tomb filled with the fragrance of exquisite

flowers; and frequent meditation on the Glorious Mysteries renews the memory.

Happily, the spirit of Mary lives on, and all generations call her blessed. We know that Mother-like she will watch over the young souls who would follow her Son whithersoever He may lead them. Grace will not be wanting for our missionaries. Say a prayer for their perseverance.

Blessed are they that wash their robes in the Blood of the Lamb; that they may have a right to the tree of life and may enter in by the gates into the city.

THE Midsummer Issue of THE FIELD AFAR is usually one of our best; and we hope that, although students may miss it, teachers in our Catholic schools and Sunday schools will rescue their copies.

During the next scholastic year we are most anxious to enlarge our already good-sized circle of young readers. They are our hope for the continuance and development of this much blessed work for souls.

The chalice of benediction which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ?

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found, under the title *The Miracle of Old Goa* an experience of Fr. John Considine, whose privilege it has been to view the sacred remains of St. Francis Xavier during the recent exposition of relics at Goa on the West Coast of India.

Fr. Considine represents Maryknoll as the Procurator General at Rome; but since the foundation of the *Fides Press Service* he has also been its Director, and at present is making a visitation of mis-

WHAT NATIONS ARE SO SMALL AND WEAK IN ALL THAT

sions, largely in the interest of the *Fides Service*. This visitation will include much of Eastern Asia and some sections of Africa.

Fr. Considine went to Rome in late 1924, to prepare a Maryknoll booth for the great Mission Exposition of the Jubilee year. He expected to return to the United States at the close of the Exposition; but the man who offers his life for the missions must be ready to move, or stay, as conditions not of his choosing require.



THE doors of the Maryknoll Seminaries (Major and Minor) are open to boys who are ready for High School, or preferably who have already followed some High School course.

Students at the Major Seminary receive board and tuition free. Those at the Junior Seminaries are allowed a generous discount even from the actual cost.

This is the chalice of My Blood, of the new and eternal testament, the mystery of faith, which shall be shed for you and for many unto the remission of sins.

THE Venard Camp has become a tradition, and each year finds an eager group of boys registering for the season. Considering all kinds of needs, we can think of no more advantageous conditions for a boys' camp than those that obtain at the Venard.

Wise are the parents who, when placing their offspring away from the daily supervision, consider first the atmosphere into which they will go.



OUR earnest thanks go out to the many who have made it possible for us to send overseas a new group of missionaries to strengthen our work in China, Manchuria, and Korea. We are certain that some who gave did so at a real sacrifice; and to our



THIS CRUCIFIX AT ASSISI WAS CARVED IN 1637 BY THE SKILLED, LOVING HANDS OF FRA BARTOLOMEO DA PALERMO

Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God in Thy Blood, out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation.
(Apocalypse, 5. 9.)

prayer of thanksgiving we will add one of petition that theirs may be the hundred-fold.

To those who have not taken the opportunity to meet this travel need, and to others who are in a position to do more, we would say that to send overseas a missionary is fine—but *it is only a beginning*. We who give to these Christbearers a commission, and provide them with rail and steam-

"INTEREST" is always gratifying. Our Annuity Plan allows you interest on your mission gift while you live—with no doubts as to its disposition after you have gone. Write today for information.

er accommodations, must *keep them*, at a cost of a dollar a day.

If you look upon such an opportunity as a privilege and a duty, so much the better, since it will be a prayer of Faith. To us, on whom the responsibility lies of providing workers in the vineyard with sustenance, your co-operation will mean encouragement, and will call for sincere gratitude.



THE *Commonweal* has, at Maryknoll, many admirers who were distressed to learn that their favorite weekly was almost on the verge of discontinuing publication last May. Maryknoll mites were gathered to express interest; and when news came that *Commonweal* subscribers had rallied to its call—with subsidies and new subscriptions—there was gratification in the camp.

If only satisfied subscribers would persuade friends to benefit themselves likewise, all would be well with *The Commonweal*—and, for that matter, with *THE FIELD AFAR*.



WORKERS in the Vineyard—Are there enough already? There would seem to be enough in some of the homeland dioceses of Europe and America, but they are as yet far too few for the missions; although we are happy to say that, with the strong native clergy development that characterizes the reign of Pope Pius XI, each year is adding to the roster of apostolic workers. Even so, years must pass before their ranks can become a sufficient haven for the world's billion and more pagans.

Maryknoll has been blessed with some unusually successful missionaries; but these in turn, realizing better than anyone else the harvest conditions, are calling loudly for more helpers. We echo this call, and it will not be in vain if we can reach with our voice the ears of Catholic youth, or place before their eyes the printed message.

CONCERNS THE SOUL AS THE WORLD'S BILLION PAGANS?



The Rev. Leo W. Sweeney, M.M., of New Britain, Conn., pastor of the Maryknoll Chinnampo Mission, Korea

SUDDEN commotion outside brought me to the window. There, striding majestically across my yard, was the Pied Piper. At his heels pressed thirty of the shaggiest ragamuffins imaginable, and on the back of the urchin who brought up the rear of the noisy group rode unperturbed a scabby-headed baby, saddled Korean fashion.

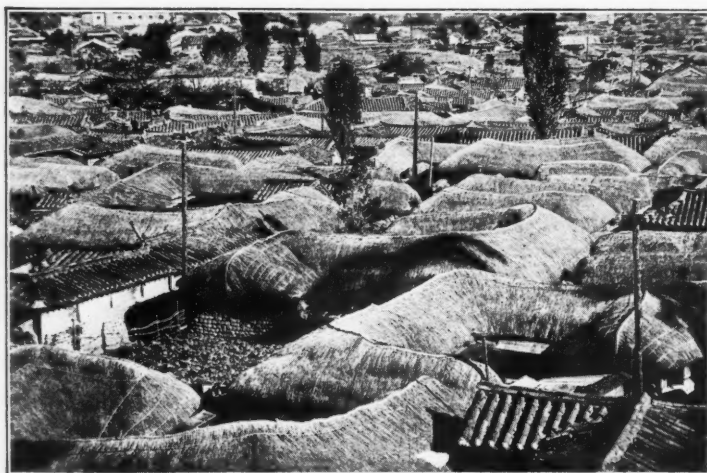
As they passed I caught glimpses of pinch-faced girls, who looked out from beneath veritable brier patches of tangled hair, and boys whose shrubbery was cropped too close to throw a shadow over their smeared faces; but all hopped along merrily enough in the wake of the Piper. That individual was thinly disguised in a patched cassock and a shapeless black hat that I had abandoned

long, long ago. Under one arm he carried his charm—not the fabled flute, but a clumsy, grey-covered volume. Through the break in our fence he passed; and one by one they trailed after him up the crooked path, disappearing over the crest of the hill that overlooks our mission, the town, and the river.

In ten minutes he would be leading his merry victims into a little thatched house, made of mud and perched high on a shelf cut into a bare hillside. Now that his pipe dreams and his prayers have become a reality, it must be a happy day for this modern charmer of children. His house is fairly alive with little pagans gathered from the back alleys—the poorest of the poor in a poverty stricken country. For, if the truth must out, he robbed the back alleys of Chinnampo to fill Heaven.

The Piper's "University"—

We had often discussed it. Here about us were many Korean children eager for religious instruction, but unable to read as they had no teacher. They were too poor to attend government schools, too poor to meet even the small tuition without which our own parish school could not continue, and therefore unable to prepare for Baptism. Then one day I went on a mission journey, and when I returned a week later Fr. Pospichal cheerfully announced that he had withdrawn his forty dollars from the bank and cut into the hillside above old Choi Cao's hut, not to bury his fortune—but to erect a "University".



ALLEYS ROBBED BY FR. POSPICHAL TO FILL HEAVEN



THE FACULTY, STUDENTS, AND OFFICE OF THE UNIVERSITY

THE END OF THE MORNING CALM



o Miss Korea, relates how a certain clerical Pied Piper "became all things to all men, that he might save all"

In a few days it was finished, though water still oozed from the mud walls. Forthwith the Piper, with his book of doctrine in pictures under his arm and the ragged troop at his heels, took possession.

"Selling" Heaven—

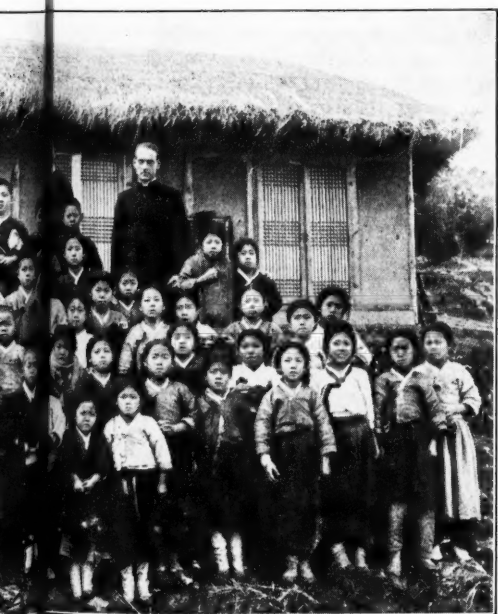
Next morning I come in to breakfast to find my house occupied by yesterday's host of ragged youngsters. They look like something blown in by inhospitable winds. They are sitting on the floor, and as many as can have their feet on the stove. By stepping over some and around others, we manage to get near enough to our breakfast table to sit down

and begin. While we eat, more delegates arrive and join the chattering group. Between sips and bits we are drawn into the discussion, and occasionally we have to suspend a spoonful of mush in mid-air in order to answer peremptory questions of a pedagogical nature—such as the price of lead pencils, and so forth.

Breakfast over I escape to my room, using the same hurdling strategy by which I reached the table. They make no attempt to hinder my get-away, for which I am grateful; but the steam from the toeless socks near the red hot stove pursues me into the less dense air strata of my own room. Through the open door I can keep in touch with the group. My companion does not even attempt to escape. Instead, he reaches for his charm, and wedges his chair into the midst of them, while they all gather about him.

"This," he begins, with a gesture toward the open book on his knee, "is Heaven." And then he proceeds with all the earnest eloquence of a real estate agent to tell in detail of its beauties. His frouzy audience crane their little unwashed necks for a look at Heaven. Their sparrow-like chatter ceases. "The man with the sword in his hand is St. Michael, and the bat-winged, black figure tumbling down is the devil. He was driven out of Heaven with the rebellious angels, and that's why there are so many empty places waiting for you to fill them."

No fireside ghost story ever held listeners more fascinated. Their little pagan minds are spellbound. Here, actually pictured in black and white, is some one powerful enough to strike down the one person whom they fear. At the picture and description of hell,



AND OFFICE OF CHINNAMPO'S "UNIVERSITY"

A PAGAN CEMETERY IN MARYKNOLL'S KOREAN MISSION

they wince; and, at the picture of Christ on the Cross, they stare in open-mouthed silence.

A Brave Wish—

Then the narrator halts. His attention is attracted by a dirty rag, an apology for a bandage on the wrist of a little girl. Little Kim Pong Nay is bashfully unwilling to have it unwrapped, but some coaxing wins her permission. It reveals a severe burn. The Pied Piper is sufficiently versed in human nature to know that an act of kindness is often a better approach to a pagan soul than are a series of sermons; and, while sincerely deploring (with appropriate Korean expletives) the stringy-haired young lady's misfortune, he welcomes in his heart this opportunity for the charity of Christ to impress itself on the child's mind.

The book of pictures is set on the floor for the group to wrest with to their own mystification, and, incidentally, but surely, to be gummed up by brown finger prints. Just then a tiny voice pipes out the rather abrupt profession of faith, "I'd like to be baptized and die right off." A brave wish for a small pagan, and not unlike the desire of the great Apostle of whom she has not yet heard. He expressed it, "To be dissolved and to be with Christ."

Meantime Kim Pong Nay has been piloted to the cardboard box that contains a limited supply of Aesculapian wonders, among which reposes a can of Unguentine. I am called into consultation; and, while the wrist is being washed, I read the directions and find that Unguentine may be used in all cases in which neither iodine nor worm medicine can be used. So Unguentine, clean gauze, and kindly advice complete the treatment.

The Piper announces the hour. There is a rush and scramble for shoes at the door, and off they go over the hill. Our house is only a wayside stop, or rendezvous for these little pagans—at least until recently.



AN AMBITIOUS STUDENT OF THE
PIED PIPER'S SEAT OF LEARNING

This little Korean lady helps to support her family by weaving straw rope. She is able to attend the "University" only for two hours daily, and then she must carry with her a protesting baby brother

ON all Fridays every priest of the Society shall offer his Mass, and other members shall make remembrances in their Holy Communions and Rosaries, for the members and benefactors of the Society, living and dead.

The Society may include in its prayers and merits others who assist in its various enterprises. They shall be known as Ordinary Members or Perpetual Members.

—From the Maryknoll Constitutions, as finally approved by Rome.

**I a missionary priest or nun!
Why not? Think it over.**

Of Such Is the Kingdom—

Two months have elapsed since Fr. Pospichal began to gather the children of the poor into his free "University". So effectively has he robbed the back alleys of this section of the town of its urchins, that the neighbors must be lonely. But we are not. When the numbers increased to sixty, we divided them into a morning and an afternoon group; when they reached eighty, we opened our rectory guest room as a "University Annex"; at present we have a hundred—our limit.

I am writing now to the distracting tune of thirty young voices repeating loudly the phrases of the *Hail Mary* after an ex-seminarian who has been added to the faculty to take charge of the latest group. Our rectory is very much like a railway station, because of the comings and goings of ragged little pagans. Most of them are earnestly preparing for Baptism; and some of their parents show an interest in the Church. I think we could find five hundred such children in town, if we could provide room and teachers for them. Too young to be as yet spoiled by the paganism about them and too poor to hope for anything in this world, is it a great wonder that our Pied Piper can charm them with the story of Heaven? For, *Of such is the Kingdom.*

BOOKS RECEIVED

**The Light of the World—
When Sorrow Comes—**

By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, 3742 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10¢ each.

Jesus, Live in Me—

Translated from the original Polish. Compiled by Father Marian, O.F.M. Published by the Franciscan Printery, Pulaski, Wis. Price, 75¢.

Mission San Juan Bautista—

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M. Published by the Mission Santa Barbara, Santa Barbara, Calif.

IT IS STILL POSSIBLE TO BE A CRUSADER

Maryknoll Dates

HIGH lights in Maryknoll Movement since the appearance of our 1931 Midsummer Issue have been:

August, 4 1931

The death at Yeungkong, South China, of the Rev. Philip A. Taggart, M.M., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Close of Maryknoll Sisters' General Chapter, and assignment of twenty-six Sisters to mission work in South China, Manchuria, Korea, and the Hawaiian Islands.

August 9, 1931

Departure Ceremony for the Maryknoll Sisters' 1931 mission band.

September 3, 1931

Enrollment at the Maryknoll Major Seminary, N. Y., of 118 students, so far the largest enrollment recorded. Students in the three Maryknoll Preparatory Colleges number 166.

November 1, 1931

A cable from Rome announces the appointment of the V. Rev. Bernard F. Meyer, M.M., as canonical Superior of the Maryknoll Wuchow Independent Mission in South China.

November 6, 1931

The New York Maryknoll Procure reopens. The address is 16 E. 48th Street, N. Y. C.

November 21, 1931

Ceremony of Investiture at the Maryknoll Seminary, during which twenty-five are invested with the cassock, and seven receive the cincture.

December 1, 1931

The Rev. Joseph S. Donovan, M.M., is assigned to the Maryknoll Hong Kong Procure.

December 8, 1931

At the American College in Rome, the Rev. John McConnell, M.M., of Dublin, Ontario, Canada, is ordained to the priesthood by His Eminence, Cardinal Marchetti-Selvaggiani.

December 28, 1931

Some thirty-five Marist and Xavierian Brothers from New York City visit the Major Seminary at Maryknoll, N. Y., thus inaugurating "Brothers' Day" at the Knoll.

January 6, 1932

Thirty-two Maryknoll Sisters pronounce their first vows, and twelve postulants are clothed with the habit of the Congregation.

THE mission fields and the home Knolls have many needs. If you cannot decide which need is greatest, make your gift "Stringless." We prefer such.

January 25, 1932

A decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide establishes as a Prefecture Apostolic the Fushun Mission in Manchuria and entrusts it to the Maryknoll Society. The Fushun sector is thereby detached from the Vicariate Apostolic of Mukden.

March 2, 1932

The Maryknoll Sisters move from the various frame buildings they have occupied on the compound of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society, Maryknoll, N. Y., to their permanent Mother-House across the road.

April 3, 1932

The Maryknoll Superior General leaves the Center for a visitation of the Society's Mid-Western and Western establishments.

April 15, 1932

A decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide names the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Lane, M.M., Prefect Apostolic of the Maryknoll Fushun Mission in Manchuria.

May 5, 1932

Sixteen Maryknoll priests and two Maryknoll Brothers receive mission assignments to South China, Manchuria, Korea, and the Hawaiian Islands.

May 20, 1932

Fortieth anniversary of the Ordination to the priesthood of the Maryknoll Superior General.

May 21, 1932

The first Mass in the permanent chapel of the Maryknoll Sisters' Mother-House is celebrated by the Maryknoll Superior General.

May 22, 1932

At Springfield, Ill., the Ordination to the priesthood by His Excellency, Bishop Griffin, of the Rev. John Troesch, M.M.

May 31, 1932

His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, dedicates the Maryknoll Sisters' Mother-House.

June 5, 1932

At Maryknoll, N. Y., the Ordination to the priesthood by His Excellency, Bishop Dunn, of Fathers Arthur Lacroix, Louis Smith, James O'Donnell, Arthur Cunneen, Patrick Donnelly, Thomas Gilleran, Leo Foley, Joseph Lavin, Raymond Quinn, Allan Dennis, John Smith, Reginald Markham, John Walsh, and Edward Weis.

June 24, 1932

First clothing ceremony at the Maryknoll Sisters' new Mother-House. Sixteen postulants receive the habit of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic.

July 28, 1932

Departure Ceremony at Maryknoll, N. Y., for sixteen priests and two Auxiliary Brothers, destined for South China, Manchuria, Korea, and the Hawaiian Islands.



THE REV. JOHN F. SWIFT, M.M., OF BALTIMORE, MD., DIRECTOR OF THE MARYKNOLL JAPANESE MISSION IN LOS ANGELES, CALIF., AND NEWLY BAPTIZED PUPILS OF THE MARYKNOLL ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SCHOOL

IN THE GREATEST OF CAUSES.



The Home Knoll Sends Out Another Mission Band

Our outgoing missionaries strain for a farewell glimpse of the rugged, majestic edifice on Mary's Knoll to which their thoughts, like homing birds, will always return

EVERY AMERICAN WHO FURTHERS THE MISSION CAUSE

To Enlighten Them That Sit In Darkness



AS announced in the June issue, Ordinations took place in the Maryknoll Chapel on Sunday, June fifth. Bishop Dunn, the Most Reverend Auxiliary of New York, who has ordained the great proportion of Maryknoll priests, officiated on this occasion. Parents and friends came, some from a long distance, to witness the solemn ceremony; and the Pentecostal Spirit hovered over the Knoll that day, as always after young levites have bowed their heads for the imposition of hands and opened their fresh young souls to the precious gifts of the Holy Ghost.

Happy young priests! Happy and blessed parents! The day of Ordination is one never to be forgotten; and the Masses of the following day fill the house with spiritual joy.

There will be difficulties in the path that lies beyond, but difficulties must be faced by any true follower of Christ. The Ordination honeymoon will soon pass (as do all honeymoons); but grace continues, sufficient to overcome obstacles from within or without, all rounds of the ladder on which the Christian priest or layman rises to God.

Say a prayer for these new priests, that they may keep their ideals high, and their spirit lowly.

Another Departure—

AND now, another Departure! This time there will be sixteen priests, with two Brothers, bringing our numbers in the field up to one hundred and twenty-six. Here is the list:

To Kongmoon, South China

Rev. Joseph P. Lavin
(Framingham, Mass.)

Rev. John F. Smith
(Brooklyn, N. Y.)

To Kaying, South China

Rev. Raymond P. Quinn
(Monterey Park, Calif.)



THE FIRST MISSION DEPARTURE,
AT NAZARETH OF GALILEE

Rev. Allan J. Dennis
(West New Brighton,
Staten Island, N. Y.)

To Wuchow, South China

Rev. Arthur C. Lacroix
(Newton, Mass.)

Rev. Arthur J. Cunneen
(Framingham, Mass.)

Rev. John L. Foley
(Medford, Mass.)

Rev. Patrick J. Donnelly
(Lansdowne, Pa.)

To Fushun, Manchuria

Rev. John C. Murrett
(Buffalo, N. Y.)

Rev. John E. Joyce
(New Bedford, Mass.)

Rev. Alonso E. Escalante

(New York, N. Y.)

Rev. John F. Walsh
(Cumberland, Md.)

Rev. Edward A. Weis
(Milwaukee, Wis.)

Rev. Bro. Peter Herrity
(Brooklyn, N. Y.)

To Peng Yang, Korea

Rev. James V. Pardy
(Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Rev. Reginald M. Markham
(Rockford, Ill.)

To Honolulu, Hawaii

Rev. John C. Troesch
(Springfield, Ill.)

Rev. Bro. Marius Donnelly
(Arlington, N. J.)

Bishop Dunn will preside at the Departure Ceremony; and the address to the "departants" will be given by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph H. McMahon, D.D., of New York City.

Monsignor Lane—

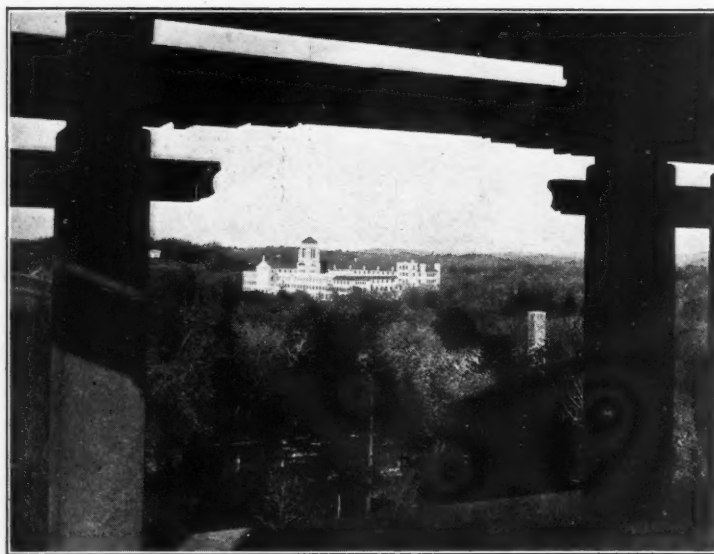
FATHER, now Monsignor, Lane will accompany one of the groups in which our latest mission band will make the long journey. After the official notice of his assignment as Prefect Apostolic of Fushun in Manchuria reached the Home Knoll, his responsibility as Seminary Rector fell on the former Prefect Apostolic of Peng Yang, Korea, the V. Rev. Patrick J. Byrne; and, with other duties distributed temporarily, he was free to prepare for his Eastward trek



OUT INTO THE NIGHT

Fireworks flare as automobiles carry our new apostles swiftly away on the first lap of their long journey to the Orient

FOLLOWS THE CROSS-MARKED BANNER OF CHRIST THE KING.



VISITORS WHO ASCEND TO THE PLATFORM OF OUR SEMINARY TOWER OBTAIN AN IMPRESSIVE VIEW OF THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS' MOTHER-HOUSE

and for what will now in all probability be his life service on the mission field.

At the time of his first mission assignment, in 1923, Fr. Lane said farewell to his aged mother at Maryknoll, whither she had come bravely for the Departure Ceremony. Mrs. Lane was then hardly able to see, and she has since become blind. Courageous as always, this mother of a missionary is content because her will is that of the Master, and her sight is illumined by the splendor of Faith. God will bless her sacrifice, as He does the sacrifice of all parents who generously give their children to His service.

For the Departure Ceremony, Monsignor Lane will don the robes of his office as Prefect Apostolic. The clothing will be a "home" ceremony. Bishop Dunn, who will preside over the Departure, will also "invest" our latest Prefect Apostolic.

The outgoing missionaries will be in good company with Fr. Lane to guide them, and his steamer companions are indeed privileged.

Adieu—

THIS year the Maryknoll mission band will be divided into several groups, each crossing the Pacific by a separate route. Theirs will be the privilege to offer the Holy Sacrifice on meridians where few Masses are said, to verify the prophecy that from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof the clean oblation shall be offered.

Happy *couriers of Christ*, facing the wide ocean and fields beyond that are white for the harvest. The ocean will have its moods. There will be fair days and dark days, clouds and sunshine, on sea and on land; but our

LIFE INSURANCE

HAVE you considered making Maryknoll the Alternate Beneficiary of your Life Insurance?

Others have found this a practical means of helping the missions.

missioners will be mindful again of God's promise:

God has not promised skies ever blue,
Flower-strewn pathways always for you;

God has not promised sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain;

But God has promised strength from above,

Unfailing sympathy, undying love.

—Anon.

We would say to our outgoing missionaries "farewell", but we like better to leave them to God with an *A Dieu*. So may we all meet merrily in Heaven.

Welcome Guests—

AMONG our visitors were two Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Spirit. One was the Reverend Joseph Rossenbach, C.S.Sp., National Director for the *Holy Childhood Association*, the other, Father Meyer, a well-known Golden Jubilarian of Pittsburgh.

As representative of the United States branch of the *Holy Childhood*, Fr. Rossenbach has more than once put himself out to represent the United States, not only in the *Holy Childhood* collections, but also in its allocations; and American missionaries, Maryknollers among them, appreciate keenly this brotherly interest.

A Memorable Dedication

THE Mother-House of the Maryknoll Sisters is functioning and almost at capacity. Motorists are catching occasional glimpses of it as they discern it on the Ossining-Newcastle sky line, and some have taken it for a new hotel; but they change their opinions when they discern on its facade the Crucifixion group.

It is a fine structure, simple, solid, and artistic, practical in all its details, and admirably suited for the many purposes which it must serve.

On May thirty-first His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, arrived at Maryknoll to dedicate the new building. A goodly number of

GREAT GIFTS FROM THE WEALTHY ARE NOT

priests gathered for the occasion. All had been kindly interested in the projected Mother-House, and many had helped the Sisters bear the burden of cost.

The Rev. Joseph C. Fleming, of White Plains, N. Y., preached; and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given by His Excellency, Bishop Dunn, to whose paternal solicitude the Maryknoll Sisters are much indebted.

Another Maryknoll "First"—

ON June twenty-fourth, the Feast of the Forerunner who went before the face of the Lord to prepare His Ways, a group of young women received the livery of Christ at the Maryknoll Sisters' new Mother-House, the first to be thus privileged. The names of those invested with the habit of the *Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic* are:

Clare Furey (Sr. M. Christella), Omaha, Nebr.; Elizabeth Bumbak

(Sr. Elizabeth Marie), Fair Port Harbor, Ohio; Catherine Fegal (Sr. M. Cleophas), Welston, Okla.; Anna Stremus (Sr. Miriam Bernadette), Wilkes Barre, Pa.; Marion Shakan (Sr. M. Rose Olive), Belmont, Mass.; Agnes Tibesar (Sr. Miriam Agnes), Quincy, Ill.; Ellen O'Neill (Sr. Beata Marie), Philadelphia, Pa.; Elizabeth Lennon (Sr. M. Modesta), Brookline, Mass.; Clare Tivvan (Sr. Clare Marie), Salem, Mass.; Frances Shillinger (Sr. M. Roma), New York, N. Y.; Marguerite Fitzgerald (Sr. Ellen Marie), Wakefield, Mass.; Bridgid Manning (Sr. Michael Marie), Larchmont, N. Y.; Clementine Wampfler (Sr. M. Clementine), Alliance, Ohio; Angela Coveny (Sr. Angela Marie), Toronto, Ont., Canada; Mary Fuchs (Sr. M. Ann), Chillicothe, Ohio; Mary Duross (Sr. M. Rose Agnes), New York, N. Y.

GIVING THANKS

PLEASE accept this offering as a thanksgiving. For months I had tried in vain to obtain work, but thanks to Our Lady I now have a good position.—Northampton, Mass.

Please record in THE FIELD AFAR a thanksgiving for a favor received through the intercession of St. Rita, during a novena to Our Lord—Detroit, Mich.

The offering enclosed is for a High Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart, in thanksgiving for not having had to undergo an operation.—Lapeer, Mich.

God has been wonderfully good to me. My mother had a bad fall recently, and never broke a bone; so in thanksgiving I am going to put aside fifty cents a week for Maryknoll. You will hear from me every time I have five dollars.—Somerville, Mass.

Friends of Maryknoll in Binghamton, N. Y., Oakland, Calif., Boston, Mass., and Duluth, Minn., have written to us recording favors received in March during the Novena of Grace, through the intercession of St. Francis Xavier.



CAMP VENARD



Located at "Maryknoll," Clark's Summit, Pa., 1400 feet above sea level, and 135 acres in extent, in the hill country of northeastern Pennsylvania.

SEASON

Saturday, July 2nd to Saturday, August 27th.



RATES

\$15.00 a week, \$110.00 the season. (A registration fee of \$10.00 is required. This is credited to the camper's bill.)

REQUIREMENTS

Each boy should be provided with 3 blankets, sheets, and pillowcases; equipment for tennis, baseball, and swimming; clothing for roughing it at Camp and on hikes.



ACTIVITIES

Swimming, baseball, tennis, handball, boxing, basketball and games (in the gym in inclement weather), fishing and hiking. Special features are hay rides, over-night hikes, campfires, lantern games, and an occasional movie. A most enjoyable experience is the four day canoe hike on the Susquehanna where it has cut its way through the wild and rugged country of northern Pennsylvania and New York.



ACCOMMODATIONS

The boys sleep in spring beds under Army pyramidal tents erected on wooden platforms which are raised above the ground. Meals are served indoors and are prepared under the direction of the Maryknoll Sisters. The Camp is supervised by a Maryknoll Father, assisted by a group of seminarians as counsellors. A special Mass is offered daily in the college chapel at 7:30 for the convenience of the campers.



For further information address: THE CAMP DIRECTOR, "MARYKNOLL," CLARK'S SUMMIT, PENNA.



A CATHOLIC CAMP FOR BOYS



THOSE WHICH HAVE DONE MOST TO

Why The "Foreign Doctor" Left Times Square

By the Most Rev. James Edward Walsh, M.M., of Cumberland, Md., Vicar Apostolic of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Mission, South China



This was not the first sampan he had climbed into that day; but he hoped it would be the last, as it put out from the shore to take him to the big junk in the middle of the river



HE man in the sampan was not in a particularly good humor. Apart from the fact that as a missionary he was supposed to absorb unperturbed any amount of vexation, there was certainly no reason why he should be.

He lifted his sun helmet to mop the perspiration that was running down his face. His suit of white drill was wet through in big patches where it clung more closely to his sweating body, and in other places it was smudged with dirt. This was not the first sampan he had climbed into that day. Yet he hoped it would be the last, as it put out from the shore to take him to the big junk in the middle of the river. Before he had time to reflect on his troubles, the trip was over.

"Careful there with that baggage," he shouted to the sampan woman, as she moored to the junk and prepared to hoist both passenger and baggage aboard. "Heaven knows it cost me enough trouble already," he mumbled to himself. "If this old lady will just dump it all in the river now, my day will be complete." But sampan women know their business, and this time there was no hitch. A minute later the young foreigner was trying to find a place for

himself and his boxes amid the sprawling forms that seemed to take up every available inch of the junk.

The Comprador—

"Got any room on here?" he asked the harassed comprador, after he had tracked down that much sought for in-

dividual. The comprador stopped, sighed, then smiled.

"Well, not much, for a fact. We're very crowded. Still, I'll find a place for you. You're the priest from the Catholic Mission, aren't you? What have you got in those boxes?" The comprador, glad of a respite, was unexpectedly pleasant.

The foreigner sighed with relief. "Here's a human being, anyhow," he thought. "Guess he'll fix me up some way." Then aloud he replied to his new acquaintance. "I'm from the Catholic Mission, but I am not the priest. I am a doctor."

"Oh, doctor, eh? That's good. Maybe you have got medicine in all those boxes?"

"No mistake," shot back the young man. "Also I had plenty of trouble getting it this far." . . . He stopped. His stock of Chinese was not equal to recounting the tale of his woes, so he crushed the impulse to try to pour it out upon this sympathetic listener. Besides he had been promised places on junks before, only to see the accommodations fail to materialize. He thought he had better press the point. The comprador became all action, and, after combing the crowded boat, finally got him settled in a few square feet of room on the top of the deck. Most of the space was taken up by petty officials and soldiers, so that, tired as he was and longing to stretch out, he

THOSE MISSION TRUNKS

Would you like to help fill one? There is still time before the trunks and their eighteen owners head for the East. Anything from toothbrushes to portable typewriters will be most acceptable, so do not hesitate because you feel unable to send a large gift.

A few suggestions are: Altar, table, and bed linens; Blankets; Underwear; Toilet articles; Flashlights; Kodaks; Boy Scout knives; Fountain pens, Portable victrols; Vestments; Books.

could only perch himself upon one of his boxes and hope that he would be able to stick out the four hour trip down river. At least he was seated, and could relax a little bit. He stretched and yawned, mopped his streaming forehead again, and settled himself for another endurance test.

A Great Life—

"Surely is funny," he meditated, as the events of the morning passed in review before his tired brain. "I come to this place to help these people—and Heaven knows they need it—and yet they seem to make everything hard for a fellow. Goodness knows it's trouble and expense to go to Hong Kong and buy all this medicine to cure their thousand and one ills, but, man, that isn't anything! I've been waiting and fussing around that Customs all morning; and, after tearing everything open and no end of trouble, they soak me a heavy duty for medicine that I'm going to give away. As if that wasn't enough, then this special Tax Bureau has to come along and tear it all open again. They are ignorant enough to try to make me pay a wine tax on iodine! Back and forth in sampans, hiring coolies, packing the stuff all over the place, and not finished yet. What galls me most is the miserable government. It ought to be doing something for its poor people. Instead it spends all its time causing trouble to the few folks who are doing something to help. Great life, all right. In America I'd probably get this medicine free from the dealers. Or at least have no more trouble than to write a check. Here it's not enough to be a doctor, but I have to be a coolie in addition, and pay through the nose besides." The doctor sighed, mopped his face, looked around. His eye began to note his fellow passengers. The crowd of officials and soldiers grouped on the deck had already noted him. He became conscious that they were commenting upon himself.

An Old Story—

"All these foreigners only come over here to steal our country," one self-satisfied little sparrow in foreign clothes was saying. "They pretend to do good by helping the people, but they

really want to turn their hearts so that foreign nations can easily steal China." He stopped for breath and looked around his admiring audience for approval, which they heartily vouchsafed by various laughs and grunts.

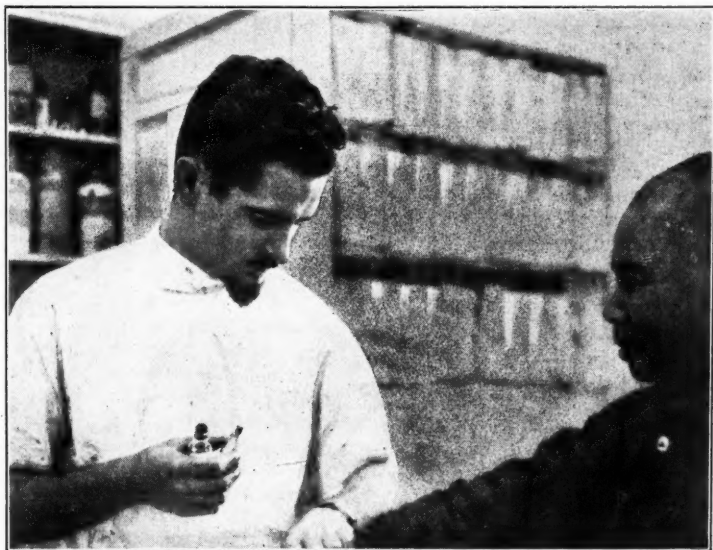
Others took up the theme. For a few minutes a chorus of protests against foreign invasion was voiced by the company of patriots. One burly military officer finally capped the discussion by an outburst. "Ought to kick them out," was his straightforward and soldierly sentiment. "Got no business in our country. This is China, isn't it?" He was pleased with his rhetorical question, and repeated it. "I am asking you, is this China, or isn't it?" He looked around in triumph. He had positively won this argument of his own making, such as it was, for nobody disputed his statement.

By this time the other passengers were enjoying the tilt at the foreigner. But the doctor was saying nothing. He had heard all this many times before, and was not particularly surprised. He was too wearied to care much, anyhow. His tired mind conned a few sentences of rebuttal in his newly acquired and unwieldy Chinese, but he hoped he

would not need to use them—perhaps his critics would turn to another topic of conversation before he felt obliged to defend himself.

Fortunately the boat began to move. This proved a sufficient diversion. Everybody suspended their immediate concerns to repeat to one another that the boat was under way. This was not surprising, as the long delays incidental to travel in China make the actual starting of any conveyance, long deferred and wistfully desired as it usually is, an event of the first magnitude. Another less pleasant diversion followed immediately in the appearance of the comprador to collect the passage money.

The doctor paid his fare, and received a ticket. The comprador then turned to the party of officers. Stony stares were their sole contributions to his yawning basket. He shook the basket in front of them. "Buy your tickets," he repeated. "We can't run a boat on air. No ticket, no ride. Company's orders." He appeared to mean it, but he was only going through a pantomime. He knew from long experience what little chance he had of getting money from this class of pas-



DR. HARRY P. BLABER, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., THE FIRST AMERICAN PHYSICIAN TO WORK OVERSEAS WITH MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS, HAS PROVED TO MANY A PAGAN OF SOUTH CHINA THAT HE "HAS A HEART"

BUT RATHER THE CONSTANT STREAM



THE LINE-UP AT THE DISPENSARY DOOR

In spite of Father O'Connor's protestations, the doctor excused himself to look over his patients. "I'll just glance in to see if there's anything urgent," he said

sengers. His debtors ignored him. Finally, one waved him aside with a grunt. "On official business," he said. "For the Government. Go and get the money from the magistrate, if you like." A laugh went up; and the comrad, defeated, now addressed himself to the second little farce of attempting to wheedle half fare out of the group. He met again with a dismal failure. Protesting vehemently, he gave it up as a bad job, and hobbled over to continue his quest among the other passengers.

The Doctor's Chance—

This little passage at arms had centered the attention of all on the group. The doctor saw his chance. He yawned, smiled, and remarked drily to the huddled forms crowding the deck: "These are the men who said I was stealing from China, a while ago. You may have noticed that I paid my fare in real money, according to justice. I do not steal peoples' things, neither do I steal rides on boats. Did you see any of these people paying their fare? Seems to me they ought to look closer to home when it comes to the subject of stealing."

The doctor stopped, resisting an impulse to add that he would give their whole wretched country for one sight of Times Square. The crowd snickered, and would have roared but for guns strapped on the crestfallen soldiers. A joke at their expense was hugely appreciated, but was not to be enjoyed boisterously. Their enjoyment was not unmixed indeed with a certain wonder at the doctor's boldness, and some speculation as to how his antagonists would receive this outspoken comment. The doctor rather wondered also.

A Swan Dive—

Suddenly all was forgotten. Passengers were scrambling to the rail. Evidently, something was forward out in the river. The doctor sauntered over to the rail in the general curiosity. A soldier had capsized a little sampan, and was floundering in the water. He recalled having seen the fellow sculling out to the junk with the last batch of officers. Late, and fearing to miss the boat, they had simply grabbed somebody's sampan and sculled it out themselves. This lone soldier had the job of taking it back; but he knew nothing

about a sampan, and had managed to capsize the thing.

It was too evident that he did not know how to swim. He did not even seem to have sense enough to grasp the upturned boat. There were several sampans in the vicinity, but they appeared to be serenely unconscious of the soldier's plight.

Keeping his eyes on the man in the water, the doctor began to kick off his shoes. He turned to the officers. "There's your soldier being drowned," he cried. General apathy met this appeal. "Too bad," one man replied, and shrugged his shoulders. The doctor turned back to the rail. No sampans near. The soldier was going under.

The doctor's coat was off. "I wonder how much water there is here," he thought, as he got one foot on the rail. "The junk must draw six or seven feet," he comforted himself. "I'd better make a shallow one, though." There was no time to ask any questions. The passengers looked up in amazement, as a white form flashed through the air. The doctor jumped well out to clear the sampans still clustered around the junk; and, falling into a perfect swan dive, cut the water without a ripple. But scarcely a split second later there was a wave of spray, as he shot almost clear of the water with the impetus of his twenty foot flight; he could have dived in a bathtub. "I suppose I'll have to lug this bird a mile to shore," he grumbled to himself, while his powerful strokes ate up the distance to the still struggling soldier.

Vaguely he recalled having heard somewhere that the sampan people would take no part in saving a drowning person, for fear of offending the water devil. "Just like that old junk not to wait for me, too," he muttered. "Oh, well, it's no worse than dragging them out at Asbury Park." He smiled as he thought back to the hectic summer vacations he had spent as a life guard at the beach.

The Rescue—

The soldier had kept up so far merely by the frantic thrashing around of despair. Unable to swim and weighted down with his ammunition belt, he

struggled more and more feebly. The upturned sampan had drifted away from him. He was too panic-stricken to notice his rescuer. With the doctor ten yards away, he gave a despairing yell, and went under. "Thanks, old boy," grinned the doctor. "Save me a little trouble." At the same instant he took one sweeping stroke and dived, catching the soldier on the way down. A minute later the doctor was hanging to the upturned sampan with one arm, while with the other he clutched the unconscious soldier by the collar of his jacket.

The junk had stopped, and a sampan was making its way over from it. The boat people were loath enough to have a hand in cheating the river spirit of its victim, but the peremptory orders of the officers on the junk had overcome the scruples of at least one sampan lady, and the doctor watched her approach with relief. "That's what I call considerate," he said to himself, putting aside thankfully his vision of a mile swim, towing his soldier. "After all, I'm pretty tired."

Sentiments Change—

Back on the junk, he and the half-drowned soldier were quickly fixed up with borrowed Chinese trousers and cups of scalding tea. The doctor's former critics were now bosom friends. "Has a heart, has a heart," was the general comment.

"Wonder what they thought I had before? Would anybody without a heart be found fooling around a place like this?" grinned the doctor to himself. "Well, after all, they simply don't know, I suppose. It must take a long time for them to realize what brings us among them."

The Dispensary—

His day was not yet over. It was late in the afternoon when he reached the little port where he had to debark for his mission. More trouble and fuss with the baggage, much persuasion to secure a rickety car for the ride to the mission, and finally at dusk he arrived wearily home.

"Anybody in the dispensary?" he queried of Father O'Connor, as the pastor rushed out to greet him.

Father O'Connor took one look at his disheveled appearance. "Never mind

A GOOD INVESTMENT

"Maryknoll books are a credit to the Catholic Church of America," writes a priest friend. "I wonder how you can produce such excellent volumes at so low a price." See page 228.

the dispensary, old man. What you need is a bath, and a square supper. I'll take care of the baggage. Come along here."

But there was a considerable line-up at the dispensary; and, in spite of the other's protestations, the doctor excused himself to look over his patients. "I'll just glance in to see if there's anything urgent," he said.

"There's one thing urgent around here, and that's for you to rest a bit," shot back Father O'Connor. Both smiled; they understood each other. The doctor often proffered this same advice to the priest; but, as is the way of young men, neither one ever paid the slightest attention to it.

He treated a few of the pressing cases, and put the rest off until the next day. "Too bad about you," he said wearily to his last patient. "You ought to be in a hospital; but we 'rich

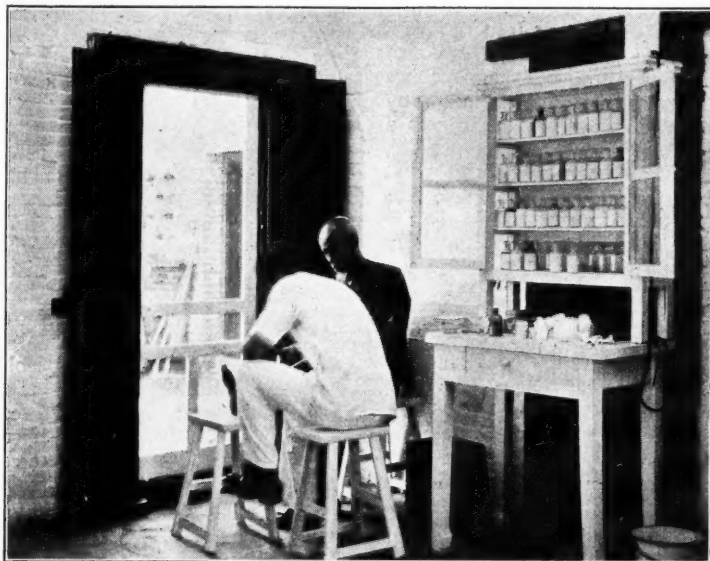
Americans' haven't got any, so that's that. Well, go home and go to bed, anyhow. Leave your address with the catechist, and, if my horse isn't lame, I'll try to ride out tomorrow to give you more treatment."

A Full Day—

A bath, supper, and a pipe tempered the doctor's fatigue; and he felt refreshed as he sat on the veranda discussing the day's happenings with Father O'Connor, before turning in for a well earned sleep.

"Yes, it takes time," Father O'Connor was saying. "These poor people don't know what it's all about. How can they be expected to understand the charity of Christ? Or to fathom the motive that drives a man to spend himself for the least of His little ones? But it must have its effect; time will bring it out. By the way, old man," he turned to the doctor, "if you put in many days like today, it won't take long, either. What do you say?"

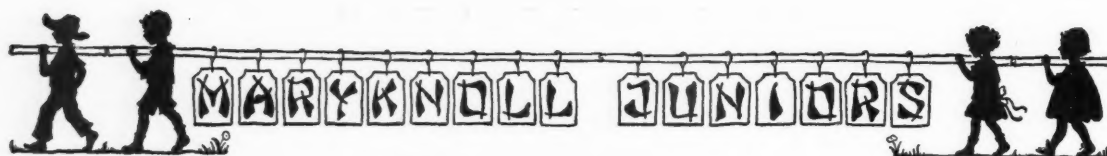
"Well, Father," smiled the doctor slowly, "for a fact, it *was* a pretty full day." He laughed. "Come to think of it, I just about gave them every argument in my repertoire, anyway."



TREATING A PRESSING CASE

"Leave your address with the catechist," the doctor told the old Chinese, "and, if my horse isn't lame, I'll try to ride out tomorrow to give you more treatment."

GIFTS MEAN REAL SACRIFICE FOR CHRIST AND SOULS.



My Apollo

By S.M.F., Maryknoll Academy,
Dairen, Manchuria



HO is this young Apollo?" we asked one another when the most attractive child we had ever seen seated himself on a desk, the first day of school.

"Not Apollo," he urgently assured us, "Vlademir!"

"But you look like Apollo," we argued in English. And Apollo he has remained. He thinks it the American pronunciation of Vladimir and he has accepted the name with the debonair indifference that characterizes all he does.

Apollo picked up English from playmates in Shanghai, and it is choice. He either "like" or "no like", and with Apollo to "like" is to possess.

He has fallen deeply in love with Jesus. He craves pictures of Jesus, stories about Jesus, prayers to Jesus. So far, only that loved Name has been able to penetrate his armor of indifference. Why should he worry if "Ruth sees a kitty" or "Baby can see a ball", and in the eternal verities what difference does it make if two plus two equals four? To him the all-important, the only important thing is what he can learn about Jesus.

Apollo is the son of a Russian Cossack. Though his father was on the side that lost, Apollo seems to have inherited an indomitable martial spirit. His games are strictly military. His superb scorn of things soft and scholastic was not to be mitigated by anything we could do or say.

I had decided that Apollo would grow up to be a brilliant but uneducated brigand, when one day I saw him in deep converse with Shaohaidai, the daughter of the

DEAR JUNIORS:

Your big job during the summer months, besides enjoying your vacation, of course, should be to find new friends for the missions.

Tell your companions about the Maryknoll Juniors and have them write to me and be enrolled. Don't be afraid of overworking Johnny or Uncle Sam, or even your old Father Chin. Send me lots of names for the big book. More work will help me forget the heat.

Make some little sacrifice for the missions every day; be an active Junior.

Yours for the Missions,

Father Chin

Chinese woman who takes care of our school. I appeared not to notice, but the next occasion when I saw him in the tiny apartment of the Chinese family, apparently enraptured and in perfect union of spirit with Shaohaidai, curiosity overcame me, and I asked some questions.

Apollo, in his nounless, tenseless, genderless, numberless English, managed to convey to me that he and Shaohaidai had been discussing the pictures on the wall. There were four prints from the *Sacred Heart Messenger*. Shaohaidai, a Catholic, had told him about them. He wanted to know more. He seized my medal—"Icon, give icon!" (Anything holy is an icon to him.)

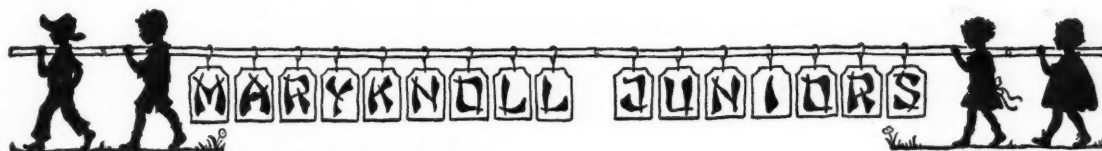
I showed him some pictures, telling him to take his choice. There was no question of choice. Among them all there was only one of Our Lord. Without so much as a glance at the others he seized that one and thanked me ardently.

Another time I saw my Apollo apparently trying to choke Shao-

haidai. When I intervened, I discovered that he was trying to wrest from her a crucifix she wore on a dirty string around her neck. No, it wasn't banditry, for on the ground lay all his worldly possessions. He had emptied his pockets—willing to sell all he had to gain the treasure. But Shaohaidai was adamant, and it was a very crestfallen Apollo who gathered up his scattered belongings and put them back into his pocket.

It was the first time I had seen his complacency ruffled, and seizing the psychological moment, I promised Apollo that not only would I give him an icon for his very own, but that he himself would be able to read and learn many things about Jesus if he would master some fundamentals of English. To my delight the promise was a challenge and was accepted.

From that day to this my Apollo is one of my diligent scholars. The thought that he is to learn about Jesus, Who loves him, has vanquished his unconcern as no other threat or promise was able to do.



SPORTS IN CHINA

By Fr. Martin Burke, Kongmoon

IN South China towards the end of summer or early autumn one may see a crowd of little boys and girls on a dusty street gathered around two crickets fighting like game cocks. These cricket fights are enjoyed not only by the youngsters, but grownups take as much pleasure in them as men in America would in a prize-fight or a horse-race.

Men go out into the hills and with a little fruit entice these crickets from their nests. The best fighters and loudest chirpers are captured and then trained with great care.

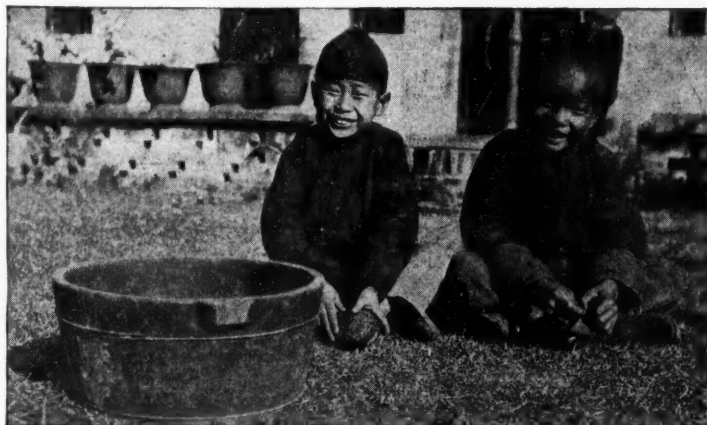
These battling crickets require very special care and attention, living in earthenware pots, lined with fine mold and fitted with a tiny cup for drinking water. They are fed on a varied diet of fish, rice, chestnuts and honey. If they get sick from overeating, red insects are fed them.

On the day of the fight, champions are carried to the pit where a large mat shed is set up and thousands of spectators gather. The "ring" is a round tub with a flat bottom and the backs of the

crickets are marked with a distinguishing mark of red, gold or blue. Two as near a match as possible in size, color and strength are placed in the tub and are excited to fury by having their backs pricked with a bristle from a rat's body. After a little of this tickling, chirruping their tiny war-yells they rush at each other like two furious bulls and battle and battle until one is left defeated on the floor of the arena.

Large sums of money are wagered on the contest and during the combat the excitement is intense. The owner of the winner is congratulated as though his little cricket was "Man O'War".

The winner of many fights is called a "hero cricket" and when it dies it is buried in a little silver casket with the hope that many more battling crickets will be found the following year near its grave.



Tungchen schoolboys getting ready for a cricket match



The prize winners in the April Puzzle Contest are: First, Mary Downey, *Jamaica Plain, Mass.*; Second, Edgar Romilly, *Wellesley Hills, Mass.*; Third, Henry Dutra, *Newport, R. I.* Honorable Mention, Charlotte Himmelberg, *Beaverville, Ill.*; James Curta, *Springfield, Mass.*

CLUBS AND JUNIORS

Father Chin will be glad to help you plan a trip to Marys knoll.

Many Juniors enjoyed an outing on this hilltop during May and June.

Write now and reserve your day in July or August.

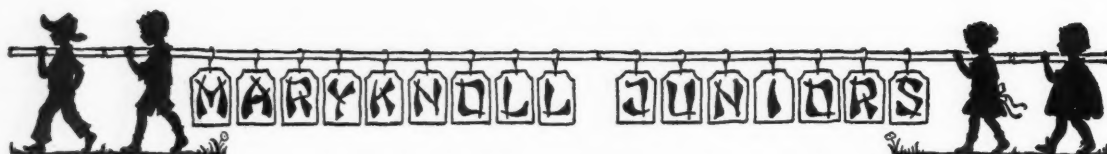
From Our Mail Bag

The following letter with a check for twenty-five new FIELD AFAR subscriptions came from one of our Sister teacher-friends in Wakefield, Mass.:

Yesterday, I started on a tour of the classes with one hundred twenty-five copies of the FIELD AFAR. When I was about to leave the third class I said to the teacher, "Just think, Sister, I have only twenty-one copies left to supply five classes." A boy who was sitting in one of the front seats and overheard the remark said, "Sister, you are fortunate to have that many left."



CALLING YOU TO FIELDS AFAR?



FROM JUNIORS

A *Madeleine Sophie* and *Philippine Duchesne* were ransomed by the Minims of Villa Duchesne, *St. Louis, Mo.* They are also helping to support a Catechist.

The Clients of Mary of St. Vincent de Paul School, *New Orleans, La.*, have ransomed a little Marie.

St. Mary's School, *Cottonwood, Idaho*, and the Riley Children, *Dorchester, Mass.*, are each supporting one of our missionaries for three days.

The Fitch Children, *Coronado, Calif.*, sent five dollars for a Chinese baby named Walter.

The Chins' Club, *Jamaica, N. Y.*, saved five dollars to ransom a Patricia Anne (Patsy Anne) at Father George Bauer's mission in China.

OLD FRIENDS

Father Chin was glad to learn that Richard, Michael and Louise Rector from *Shelton, Wash.*, have filled their mite-box again.

James Weinreis, *Aberdeen, So. Dakota*, Raymond Flanagan, *Rutland, Vt.*, and Dan Mulvey, *Mt. Vernon, N. Y.*, have also been saving faithfully for the missions.

The following spiritual offering came to Father Chin on a beautiful parchment card from Mary Perry, *Fairhaven, Mass.*:

Communion 75; Masses 75; Rosaries 75; Ejaculations 25,000; Visits 50; Stations of the Cross 10.

WELCOME, NEW JUNIORS

The Little Helpers of St. Anthony, *Duluth, Minn.*, have three new members in their club. They are Dorothy Stehlin, Eleine Bradley, and Pauline Stovick.

Irene Muldoon, *Brooklyn, N.*



A GROUP OF "YOUNG HOPEFULS" VISITING MARYKNOLL'S PROCURE IN SAN FRANCISCO

Y., deserves special mention. She has had eight of her friends enrolled as Juniors.

More Juniors mean more friends for the missions, so Father Chin is overjoyed.

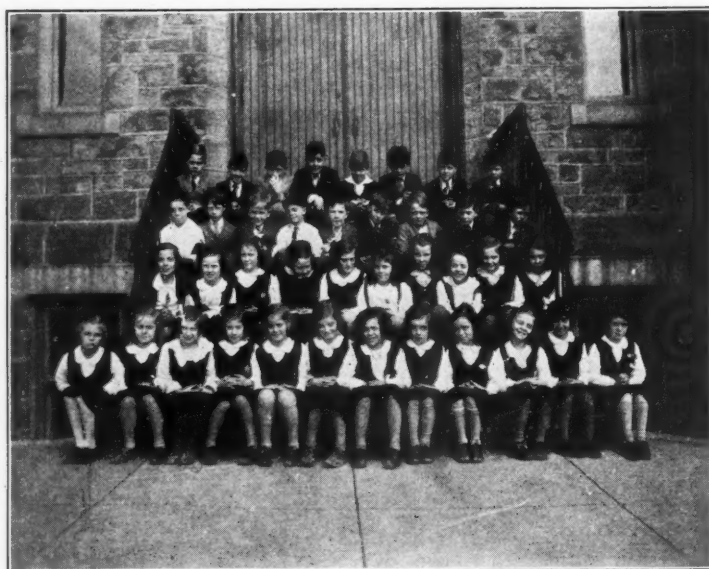
Joseph Cunneen, *Mt. Hope, N. Y.*, has also been enrolled as a Junior.

THE MIGHTIEST BOOST

The Fourth Grade of Blessed Sacrament School, *Fort Mitchell, Ky.*, has the record for the largest stringless gift from Juniors this month.

A JUNIOR ASPIRANT

"Father, this month when I go around with the FIELD AFAR I am going to ask the people to become subscribers because, as you know, I hope to go to the Venard this September."



THIRD AND FOURTH GRADE, MISSION WORKERS, AT ST. MATTHIAS SCHOOL, BALA, PENNA.

FIND NEW JUNIORS FOR FATHER CHIN.



Maryknoll Sponsors

IN recent years auto trips to Maryknoll, from any point within a radius of forty or fifty miles, seem not to have depended on the season. "Autos and Busautos" come at "any old season"; but from May to November they are naturally more numerous.

This year letters began to arrive in March asking for convenient dates. They came from all kinds (of good people) in turn—Sodalities, Holy Name groups, graduates-elect, youngsters, oldsters, and what have you? All are welcome. Here is a quotation from a typical letter, written by the Diocesan Director of the Brooklyn Newman Clubs:

At the meeting of the Faculty Council of the Junior Newman Clubs of Brooklyn last October, the Council felt that the visit of the students to Maryknoll last June was one of the most successful undertakings ever sponsored by the Clubs because of the deep impression made upon the students.

This was the first bus ride ever offered by us to the students and, while there were less than a hundred, we believe that a much greater number will take part this June ninth. That date has been settled on as it is a holiday in Brooklyn and Queens to commemorate the founding of the Protestant Sunday Schools. We think it most apt to use in spreading among the students a knowledge of the missionary work of the Church.

The pastor of one of our poorest missions in Korea writes that he is greatly in need of altar linens, including an altar day-cloth; and, although the chapel is dedicated to Our Lady of the Assumption, they do not possess a statue of Our Blessed Mother.

Does this opportunity to make Our Lady better known appeal to some of our readers? At the present rate of exchange, a suitable statue could be purchased in the Orient for twenty-five American dollars.

A dozen fine surplices came to us from the *Good Shepherd Circle*, Chelsea, Mass., just in time to replace the

worn ones of some of our departing missionaries.

Members of the *Théophane Vénard Circle*, Worcester, Mass., have wound up a busy year of card parties and other entertainments with a successful annual food sale. In spite of vacation days, these good friends continue to send us generous checks for Mass stipends, associate memberships, and subscriptions.

We all know that hospital nurses are



LITTLE MISS LOTUS BUD OF CHINALAND IS VERY PROUD OF THESE CIRCLES AROUND HER NECK AND ON HER MODISH HAT; BUT SHE WILL DERIVE MORE LASTING HAPPINESS FROM MARYKNOLL CIRCLES IN THE UNITED STATES, THROUGH WHOSE CHARITY SHE HAS COME TO KNOW OF CHRIST

busy people, but those of *Saint Francis Medical Mission Unit*, Hartford, Conn., find time to do very effective work for dispensaries in the mission fields.

A large box of medical supplies, including expertly made bandages and dressings, recently went to one of our dispensaries from these good friends. Our orphanages also received their attention, and a fine supply of serviceable articles including canned milk (a luxury in South China) will soon be making life a bit more comfortable for some of our little waifs in far away Chinaland.

The members of *St. Theresa's Circle*, Concord, N. H., varied their program last month; instead of the usual card party, they sold chances on an electric clock, and sent us a sizable check as a result. This was followed by a fine shower of useful things.

Card parties continue to be a favorite means of supplying fun for the Circles and funds for the missions. Successful ones were held by *Our Mother of Perpetual Help Circle*, Brooklyn; *Saint Anthony's Circle*, East Milton, Mass., and the *Little Flower Circle*, of Milwaukee.

The "live wire" members of *Saint Gelasius Branch, Mission Relief*, Brooklyn, recently hired half a store, where they give free movies, lectures, and stereopticon views of mission lands. This is a novel scheme, and we wish them success.

Noted Here and There

TO the Diocesan Director of the *Home and Foreign Mission Office in Toledo* we are thankful for a grant of one hundred dollars—a most acceptable help—which we have applied in turn to our own grant for the sustenance of a Maryknoll missionary.

We ask prayers for the soul of James Mooney, of Buffalo, N. Y. Until the support of a member of his family necessitated his return home, James Mooney was a pioneer member of the Maryknoll Auxiliary Brotherhood.

The Catholic Press Directory for 1932 is endorsed by the Catholic Press Association of the United States. This handy little volume, well printed and attractively bound, contains a complete list of Catholic papers and periodicals published in the United States, together with all needful data concerning them.

The price of the *Directory* is one dollar; and it is published by J. H. Meier, 64 West Randolph Street, Chicago.

THE FIELD AFAR IS READ FROM "COVER TO COVER".

T'in Chu Po Yau!



"T'in chu po yau!" "God bless you!" says Johnny Wang as he salutes Maryknoll benefactors, Chinese fashion, by bowing and shaking hands with himself

THE following letter from a priest-friend heartened Maryknoll so greatly in its work for God and souls that we quote it in its entirety. It reads:

Your appeal for SPONSORS in the FIELD AFAR has won the sympathy and support of this parish.

At the suggestion of the Rector of this church, the Rosary Society, as a body, wish to register themselves as a sponsor to one of your priests in the mission field. Because of the fact that Father M. F. is a native Albanian and a classmate of mine, we gladly undertake the responsibility of adopting and supporting him for a year.

Enclosed you will find our check for \$200, as the first installment, to be applied to his personal needs. A card party conducted this past week realized this sum. While we realize that our own church needs and will miss this revenue, at the same time we understand your needs; and we feel that the Good and Bountiful God will send us other, possibly more and greater, blessings for having made the sacrifice and done our bit to bring the light of Faith to those who sit in the shadow of darkness.

We are happy to co-operate in your plan—check us off as one of the sponsors you seek. We sincerely hope your appeal will be a success.

Other benefactors also availed themselves of the opportunity to sponsor a Maryknoll Christbearer in fields afar or a seminarian training for the mission life. Their offerings came to us from Mount Hollis, N. Y.; Little Chute,

Wis.; Hoboken, N. J.; and New York City.

"Stringless" Gifts, a convincing proof of the donor's zeal for the mission cause, and a doubly appreciated aid in these difficult times, were received by Maryknoll from apostolic partners in Providence, R. I.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; New Haven, Conn.; Toledo, Ohio; Dorchester, Mass.; Winchester, Mass.; Boston, Mass., and from two of its own members,

Investors in Maryknoll Annuities have continued to receive interest regularly, and have frequently expressed their satisfaction, so we are confident that friends in New York City; Cincinnati, Ohio; Lockport, N. Y.; Fall River, Mass.; and Bayonne, N. J., will not regret having recently joined the ranks of our Annuitants.

Notable additions to Maryknoll Burses were forwarded to our hilltop from Cleveland, Ohio; San Francisco, Calif.; and North Attleboro, Mass.

Generous Mission Gifts found their way to fields afar from homeland benefactors in Mountain View, Calif.;

Wakefield, Mass.; St. Louis, Mo.; and Beverly, Mass.

An offering which especially warmed Maryknoll hearts was the second received from the Sunday School children of St. Joseph's Parish, Wakefield, Mass., who are making sacrifices in order that an *Altar*, another dwelling place for Christ in a pagan land, may be erected in a Maryknoll mission chapel.

A sum sufficient for the yearly support of two *Chinese Seminarians* was donated to Maryknoll Ordinaries in Chinaland by lovers of the priesthood in New York City, and Hoboken, N. J.

Ten *Wills* containing a remembrance of Maryknoll matured since our last issue, and we were notified of legacies in fourteen others.

ET LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EIS

WE ask prayers for the repose of the souls of the following deceased friends of the mission cause:

Rev. Aimé Villion; Rev. Thomas J. Barry; Rev. James P. Gorman; Rev. E. F. McGrath; Rev. Leonard Kapsner, O.S.B.; Rev. Bro. P. R. Gibbs; Sr. M. John Berchman; Sr. M. Assumpta Shanley; Sr. M. Malachy Cloonan; Sr. M. Augustine Leonard; Sr. Aimée de Marie Gladu; Sr. M. Bartholomew Coll; Sr. M. Emilian Meehan; Sr. M. Chrysostom Brady; Sr. Mary of St. Ethelreda; Sr. Mary Edna O'Toole; Sr. M. Bartholomew; Sr. M. Anthony; Mrs. Clarence Kuhn; G. J. Lyon; Mrs. F. J. Down; Edgar Kelsey; A. Richter; Mrs. Irene Shea; J. J. Walsh; Mrs. J. F. Hawkes; Mrs. Mary Macnamara; Mrs. E. Schell; Mrs. John Yontz; Mrs. Cecilia Rickhammer; Mrs. Margaret Maher; Alice Kickham; Catherine Dorgan; Mrs. Kate Rau; J. Fletcher; Mrs. Elizabeth Bleser; Mrs. Mary E. McCarey; Ellen Jones; Mrs. Ellen Lynch; Katherine Raleigh; Edward Malone; Eliza Kilroe; Mrs. V. Gough; Mrs. W. I. Brown; Frank Kiernan; Dorothy Thomas; G. J. Green; A. E. O'Shea; Cora Aiken; Mrs. Rebecca Parker; Mrs. Catherine Skelton; Rose Baylon; Mrs. M. D. Malone; Mrs. K. Barnes; Rita Sicotte; Mary Cryan; Bernard O'Neill; A. McNamara; Mrs. J. E. Johnson; Mrs. Mary McIlmail; Patrick Long; Mar-

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STUDENT BURSES

A bursar is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States.

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(\$5,000 each)

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St. Vincent de Paul Bursar, No. 2.	4,000.00
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Dunwoodie Seminary Bursar	3,611.94
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Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Bursar	1,729.06
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St. Agnes Bursar	1,455.88
Fr. Nummy Bursar of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill.	1,402.55
St. Francis Xavier Bursar	1,390.38
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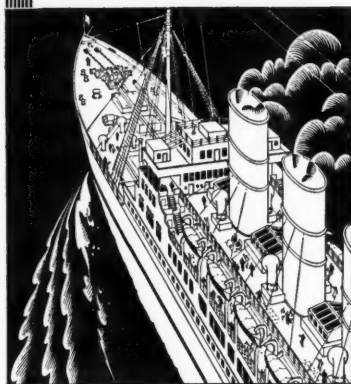
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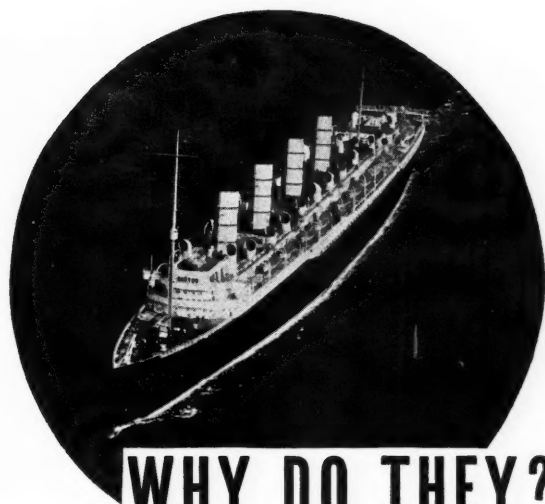
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Maryknoll is adding fifteen priests a year to its fields. In the homeland, a new priest in most dioceses is self-supporting. It is not so with the missioner, who works among strangers and destitute people. He must be sustained until the Church is more fully developed, and conditions allow a discontinuance of outside co-operation.

That is why we must find **SPONSORS** to provide at least one dollar a day for each of our 126 missioners. Already we have had the satisfaction of registering some. We seek among our friends:

- 200 to sponsor one Maryknoller for one year.
- 200 to sponsor one Maryknoller six months.
- 400 to sponsor one Maryknoller for one month.
- 3,000 to sponsor one Maryknoller for one week.
- 5,000 to sponsor one Maryknoller for one day.



